

PUNCH JUNE 15 1960


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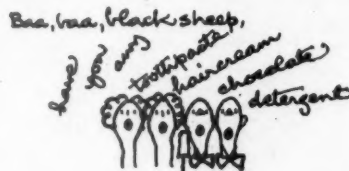
The London Charivari

MR. WATKINSON: "...whereas Blue Streak, over here in a small country very near the missile front line, is quite a different proposition." Never mind the proposition: the thing is that front lines are back, to the surprise of those who thought they'd seen the last of them in 1945, if not before. But of course, front lines at least connote some comparatively placid area behind the lines, and I suppose that this is an improvement on the wayward imagination's picture of a global no-man's land.

Six-day Wonder

IN the catering section of the British Exhibition in New York is a pub offering "Tudor, Georgian, Edwardian and Welsh bars." I have seen a good

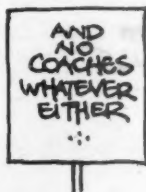
"happily"? Many will regret the vanishing of a wonderful era. The pass was sold when a lyricist who was asked to incorporate that matchless line "Co-Operative Permanent Building Society" used a looser form than



normally, instead of trying to fit the line, as he could so easily have done with perseverance, into the classic pattern of "Baa Baa Black Sheep." It's too late now.

Honourable Joke

WITHOUT giving it the Pun-of-the-Year palm one has to admit the technical skill of the banner carried by Japanese students demonstrating against Mr. Eisenhower's visit: "You Too. (U-2)! Fly Back To Your Own Home." Making a pun in a foreign language is one of the trickiest plays as George Morrow, the old *Punch* artist, found when, enchanted by the cascades of water he saw all over France, he tried to tell his host, without benefit of French, "In this country you make fountains out of molehills." He tried to draw it, he tried to mime it, but the point, not surprisingly, was not taken. The best bilingual pun I know was the statement made of a boastful though in fact unsuccessful duckshooter that he was always getting a mallard imaginaire.



many Welsh bars from Monday through Saturday but never noticed any outstanding national characteristic—except being shut.

Gave Up Too Soon

"THE days when a television advertiser could get away with forcing his slogan into the tune of 'Baa Baa Black Sheep' are happily gone for ever," says a toiler in the etheric vineyard. What does he mean,



"I am interrupting the meeting, gentlemen, to announce that we've just had an order for another two bags."

Whither Kangaroos?

IT appears that the Australians, having reduced the rabbit population to manageable numbers by myxomatosis and other resources, now find themselves in danger from hordes of predatory kangaroos, which they are busy shooting off as fast as they can. In fact they are doing this so well that newspapers are going about saying that kangaroos are facing extinction. If they really are, I suppose there'd better be a society for preserving these quaint, picturesque marsupials right away, and boo to those silly old farmers with their tiresome crops. Preserving the balance of nature is jolly hard when public opinion is the arbiter of correct balance, isn't it?

Caviar to the Admiral?

GRAVE news has come from Russia of a threat to the world's caviar supplies. The Caspian Sea, so Moscow says, is getting shallower and shallower, and the sturgeon that live there are feeling the pinch—the explanation being that too much water has been taken out of the Volga (which feeds the Caspian) for irrigation and hydro-electric schemes, and the inflow is no longer keeping pace with the evaporation rate. So Moscow says. But the suggested solution, which is to divert into the Volga two great rivers, the Pechora and the Vychegda, which at present flow northwards into the Arctic Ocean, makes one suspicious. It begins to look as if

the caviar story were no more than a cover plan for an ingenious plot to make the water under the North Pole shallower and shallower, until the U.S. submarines that live there feel the pinch.

Whitehall says No

CIVIL Servants, as we all know, are not eager to give snap decisions, but in the headquarters of Civil Aviation an official was found to say no to a proposal by an escapologist to extricate himself from a strait-jacket while suspended from a helicopter over Chalfont St. Giles. How long, I wonder, did the enquirer have to hold on the telephone after dialling MAYfair 9494 to ask permission? Somewhere in the Ministry, presumably, is a file labelled "Stunts, Aerial, Control of," full of minutes from the dear dead days of wing-walking and fuselage-straddling, with recommendations on such practices as flying under suspension bridges and spinning the landing wheels on the roofs of Roedean. Isn't somebody being just a little bit grandmotherly?

Under that Hard Exterior

AIR correspondents and newspaper men are pretty hard-boiled when it comes to covering a proving flight. Hearing them juggling technicalities with the captain at 38,000 feet over the Atlantic, anyone with less than their



"I don't see why I should be kept in a state of alert too."

GWYN THOMAS'S SCHOOLDAYS

A personally conducted tour of the class-rooms and playgrounds of Wales

Starts next Wednesday

experience in air travel is made to feel a bit of a tender-wing. It was gratifying then, when on a recent B.O.A.C. proving flight, as the Rolls-Royce 707 made a night landing with what appeared to me to be great skill and finesse, to hear these same press men give a spontaneous burst of applause. Perhaps we should also have acclaimed the artistry of the feat by shouting "Pilot! Pilot!"

Cambodia, 'tis of Thee

WHAT a splendid referendum that was in Cambodia, where the voters were asked to choose between the ruling government of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, an alternative government now in exile, communism, or a large and unannotated question-mark. The Cambodians were clearly right in voting so overwhelmingly for so enlightened a leader, but the very small number of votes for the question-mark is hard to explain. One story that is going the rounds in the clubs of Phnom Penh is that a lot of the voters didn't recognize the question-mark as a question-mark but took it for an H-bomb explosion.

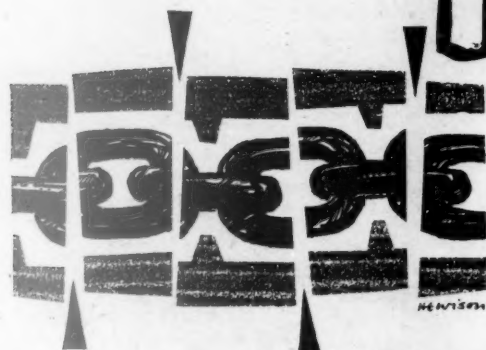
Road Plan

AS one leader-writer pointed out, writing the routine post-Whitsun tribute to improved holiday driving, the warnings, slogans and exhortations combined with the novelty of the 50 m.p.h. limit to produce an effect this time—"but it would be optimistic to expect this to happen every week-end." So here is yet another challenge to Mr. Marples: to devise fresh dramatic moves on or about every Friday in the year. Juggling with the limit could meet a large part of the demand; down to 10 m.p.h. one week-end, a compulsory 60 on all dual carriageways the next, say. Or what about a complete ban, on all drivers with moustaches? The thing is to keep the motorist guessing, until eventually he'll do the only safe thing on Saturdays and Sundays—stay at home.

— MR. PUNCH



STATE OF THE UNIONS



1



In this, the first of a series analysing the functions and prospects of Trade Unions in an affluent society, the General Secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers, Durham Area, looks at the record

WE HAVE ARRIVED - By SAM WATSON

I ALWAYS find it difficult to see the trade union as the theorist sees and writes about it. To me the union is the people in it, good and bad, and even including the couldn't-care-less brigade. Even more, it is the unsung men and women of the past who worked to improve the common lot, and whose monument is the present realization of the vision they saw.

Again, it is impossible for me, to dissociate the benefits and reforms achieved in organized labour from the good done to the community as a whole. What the unions fought for slowly became part of the nation's policy in the distribution of her wealth. Looking back over a lifetime in the trade union movement and comparing conditions to-day with those of my boyhood is like trying to look at two different worlds, and by almost all standards the world of to-day comes off better. The changes achieved by trade unionism cost plenty of sacrifice and struggle. The country was not ruled by men with wings and haloes, playing harps and carrying hymn-books, but by shrewd and often callous representatives of the country's powerful industrial elements. So it took more than a few slogans and resolutions to bring about social reforms, and I sometimes feel sad to think that there are many people in this generation who accept their social well-being as a matter of course, yet who would try not only to deny the mainspring of their bettered conditions but limit the unions' sphere of activity. Perhaps it is silly to make a challenge—but is there a fair-minded reader who would reject the proposition that the unions have entered so deeply into national life, and have borne so great a weight of the financial cost involved—that if they now withdrew, many of our institutions might find it difficult to survive?

In my lifetime, within a circumscribed area, I have seen the development of what is in many ways our prevailing national character. The unions have striven for the right of political representation and, having succeeded, introduced

their members into every form of local government: and each local body, within the limits imposed on it by Parliament, has improved the life of the community it represents. Street lighting, sanitation, the making of roads and streets, housing, schools, social services, welfare clinics . . . all these are taken for granted, yet so short a time ago they scarcely existed. My father was injured in the mining industry. He lived for fourteen years with a fractured spine and no feeling below his arms. There was no ambulance to bring him home, and no separate room for him when he came out of hospital. The house had to share a communal water tap. The sanitation was the old midden. The weekly rate of compensation was 13s. 5d.

Now it is all changed. And it is these changes in the simple necessities of life, and not the highfalutin historical assessments, that mark the true strength and character of the unions. The fact that an occasional silly and often unnecessary unofficial strike, or a degrading "sending to Coventry," attract publicity out of all proportion to their significance should not blind people to the real pattern of responsible trade unionism, or make them forget that it was the unions that introduced thousands of men and women into the social organizations, where their willing service has benefited the whole community, not simply conditions in their own particular industry. Their work in political and Parliamentary reform, in such fields of organized democracy as joint consultation, productivity councils and all the associated affairs of local government, goes far beyond trade unionism itself.

Some of their achievements almost defy appraisal. No one seems to note that ninety-nine per cent of union members go about their daily tasks peaceably and with skill, participating in the general life of the community when their work is done. What price is to be put on that? Most of us are ordinary, decent chaps; we prefer frankness and honesty to cant and

humbug; we like to be part of a friendly discipline at work and a responsible freedom when the day is over. We have shared the general urge of the people for the right to organize, the right to a free press, the right of assembly, and the right to religious freedom. And most of us have a quiet pride in our country, and recognize both her achievements and her mistakes.

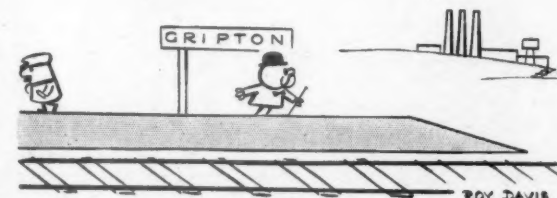
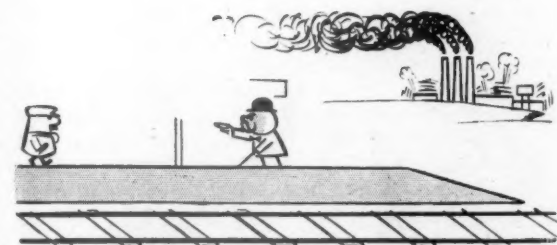
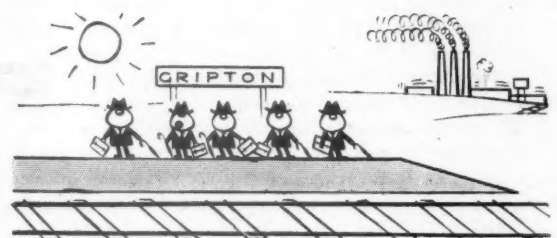
When I started work in the mines fifty years ago wages were paid fortnightly. For eleven shifts I received a golden guinea and fourpence. There were no schemes for training, education, health, welfare or safety. Long before you started work "pit talk" in the home had laid the foundation for the job to come when you were 13 or 14 and could learn your trade in the hard school of experience—and running through all the talk was the thread of trade unionism.

To be a member of the union and to act even in a minor capacity gave men a feeling of status in their small society which later led them to become good citizens, with serious standards of personal conduct. The union had strength and purpose, and became the symbol of unity, a protective organization safeguarding the weak, seeking to remedy injustice and improve conditions. It was part of our lives, and however widely its principles were extended into the larger social field our over-riding principle was loyalty to the union.

The Webbs, in 1894, defined a trade union as "a continuous association of wage-earners for the purpose of maintaining or improving the conditions of their working lives." Later a footnote was added: "In the first edition* we said 'of their employment.' This has been objected to as implying that trade unions have always contemplated a perpetual continuance of the capitalist or wage system. No such implication was intended. The trade unions have at various dates during the past century at any rate frequently had aspirations toward a revolutionary change in social and economic relations."

Whether the Webbs, sixty-six years later, would stand by this if they were alive we cannot say. But it is obvious that even in 1960 their theories cannot be neglected, and we must remember that when their definition was formulated modern technology in industry as we now know it was a dream; and it is modern technology that is going to change the world and every social organism in it. The change is already well under way. Since the war new developing industries have arisen and others have expanded—electronics, plastics, chemicals, motor manufacture, light engineering; the older industries, coal, shipbuilding, cotton, the railways, are faced with fresh competition and new problems. While the prosperity of the newcomers may increase, the old-timers may find things more difficult; but the best must be done for both, and the time could come when there were two nuclei within the trade union movement. In the year 2,000 (and it is only a handspan away) the trade unions will be quite different from the organizations dreamed of by the Webbs. Adjustment will be essential to survival. But then, to some degree, it always has been.

The history of trade unionism in the 19th century falls into four periods. The first, 1800 to 1825, was one of legal repression, when the unions were barred by law. The



ROY DAVIS

* The History of Trade Unionism.

second, the 1820s and 1830s, was a time of militant and revolutionary tendencies, largely inspired by the doctrines of the early Socialists; the third, a period of construction and organization culminating in the legislative achievements of the 1870s. In the fourth and last period, unskilled labour was at last brought within the scope of the movement. Trade unionism thus followed a natural line of development; emerging from obscurity and oppression it at first exulted wildly in its new-found freedom but soon settled down to the work of building a firm and enduring labour edifice, and in the end earned its reward in the fullness of social and legislative recognition. Had its building not been sure, how could it have attained, in the face of powerful and bitter hostility, a leading role among the great constructive forces of the nineteenth century? For this indeed happened. Trade unionism in the 1830s, barely tolerated by law, struggling under a heavy social stigma, yet achieved in a mere half-century both legal recognition and civic prestige. Trade union officers were no longer regarded as mercenary agitators, but were accorded seats on the legislature and on Royal Commissions, while the changed attitude of employers was reflected in their growing willingness to meet union men round the table. And the men themselves grew more enlightened, were encouraged to become so. In a trade union journal of the time heavy stress was laid on the value of education: "If you do not wish to stand as you are and suffer more oppression, we say to you, Get knowledge, and in getting knowledge you get power. Let us earnestly advise you to educate, get intelligence instead of alcohol—it is sweeter, and more lasting."

The movement also exercised a sobering influence on the workers by training them in self-government. Ludlow himself, writing in 1867, held this to be "the most important

result produced by the Trade Society, and one which no other form of government, as yet evolved among the working classes, can develop on so large a scale . . ." "No greater mistake can be made than, as journalists and politicians are apt to do, to treat the mass of members of a Trade Society as dupes, idlers, drunkards or incapables, and their leaders as knaves, strikes for higher wages their common object . . . They represent almost invariably the bulk of the able, industrious and provident workmen in each trade; they are habitually well governed by men fairly elected by the members as the most trustworthy, respectable and intelligent of them."

The main object of the union was to enhance the character of the worker, making him feel not the helpless victim of oppression but a member of a strong, united body, capable of defending his rights and ensuring him a resource in case of need. And gradually the spread of education had its effect even on union policy itself. There was reaction against the angry, militant strike. The idea took hold that it was better to negotiate and get something than to strike and lose all. It was the combination of financial solidarity and moderation of purpose which largely brought about a revolution in the public attitude towards the unions. Now, in most civilized countries—certainly in our own—the unions are recognized as permanent institutions with authority to speak for workers in all industries, trades and professions. It is a far cry from the decades of bitter strife, the struggle for even a meagre living standard, the iniquities of the Combination Law, the Osborne and Taff Vale Judgments.

We have arrived.

When I look back on a lifetime in the movement, and note the difference between my early days in the pit and the prevailing conditions to-day I feel deeply impressed, deeply grateful, deeply conscious that within my own lifetime a whole social revolution has taken place; a revolution without bullets or bludgeons, dictatorships or concentration camps; a revolution which would warm the hearts of those men and women who worked so long and hard and thanklessly for it all.

Next week: **Graham Hutton**



Hollowood

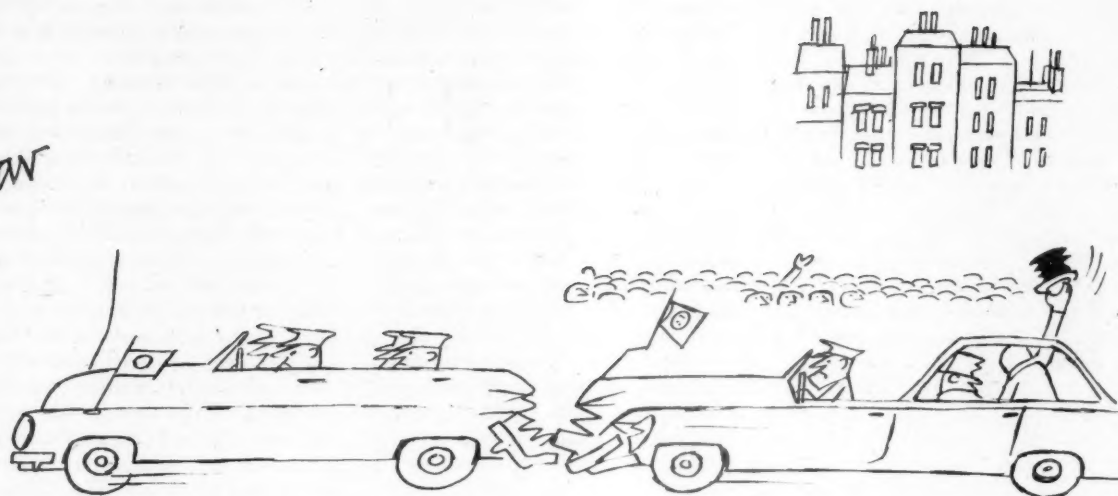
"But do we really want higher wages, brothers, if it means eventually that we have to pay more for the Choc-o-fudge bars we help to make?"

Splash-back

NOW home becomes abroad again
To foreigners galore,
And Trans-Atlantic gentlemen
Come knocking at the door.
"Did Queen Elizabeth . . .?" they cry;
Or, "Had the priest . . . and where?"
Or, "Does the ghost . . . and when and why?"
Or, "Isn't that the chair . . .?"
She didn't, but we answer yes;
He hadn't, but we made it;
It doesn't, but we fancy-dress;
It isn't, but we trade it.
And when home's home again at last,
We swagger off abroad
To blue the takings we've amassed . . .
On someone else's fraud.

— HAZEL TOWNSON

FAN



The Wimbledon Rite

By MONICA FURLONG

I USED to play tennis with a boy from the London School of Economics, and for one golden summer we alternately dashed around a court or sat hand-in-hand on the grass arguing about Margaret Mead. It was, it strikes me now, a curiously oblique method of love-making, but it left me with a great affection for tennis. It is a sentiment I imagine which is shared by dozens of English people. Cupid for us becomes inextricably entangled with the smell of cut grass, with the sound of ball hitting racket, and with the thought of white dresses and brown legs in the sun.

But the difference between my sort of tennis (sternly subordinated to the claims of the heart) and the sort they play at Wimbledon is considerable. There they bring to it a kind of passion that would never have occurred to me, and courtship as known and practised in S.W.19 has nothing to do with the kind I practised with my economics student under the elms. Their kind is a bit like diplomacy and a bit like politics and a bit like war and a bit like religion. Even, I suppose, a bit like a game.

Descending on the A.E.L.T.C. (& C.C.) from the heights of Wimbledon Hill is like rounding a sudden corner in Cambodia and bumping into Angkor Wat. With its wide, deserted grounds, its peaceful lawns, its creeper-clad

buildings and tower, it would make an admirable forgotten city. In fifteen hundred years' time the archæologists may well be cudgelling their brains.

"What's your guess, Professor?"

"My dear fellow, it's as plain as a pikestaff. It was bound up with the British fertility rites, doubtless organized annually by the Anglican Church. Groups of young men and women were shipped here from abroad (cf. the Minoan civilization?) and it is likely that the festival ended in some kind of human sacrifice."

If, however, the archæologists of the future are lucky enough to have a few bound copies of *Punch* lying chained around their libraries it should be possible for them to avoid this error, and it is with the idea of helping them that I am setting down a few facts.

"Tennis," says Colonel Macaulay, the present Secretary of the All England Club, "is one of those things we British started and then everybody else finished up doing it much better than we did." Not that the Colonel is defeatist about British tennis. "These things go in cycles," he says. "A country has a good player, as we had Perry before the war, and then that country is on top for several years. Then another country has a turn. Australia and America have each had it all their own way for a bit. Our turn will come."

The All England Croquet Club was founded in 1869, and in 1877 added the words "Lawn Tennis" to its title. From 1882 to the present day the correct name has been All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club. Lawn tennis became respectable in 1877 when Mr. Walsh, the editor of *The Field*, stood up at the annual general meeting and proposed a motion that a lawn tennis championship should be held. It was seconded by a Mr. Eveleigh. From this encouraging start lawn tennis became more and more popular until it came to be played all over the country and finally all over the world. To begin with it was, like so many enjoyable things, strictly for men, but this, like the Garden of Eden, turned out to be a short-term policy. Miss Maud Watson won the first Ladies' Singles title in 1884. Three years later it was won by the great Lottie Dod at the age of fifteen, and she is still the youngest player ever to become champion. She won the title five times in all. She was not, however, the first woman ever to wear shorts at the tournament. This shining act of courage was performed by Miss Helen Jacobs during the 'thirties. Less bravely, men also took to short trousers at about the same period.

It is difficult to remember that basically Wimbledon is just an ordinary

tennis club with members who come and play there as at any other club in the country. There are in fact two hundred and fifty Gentlemen members and fifty Ladies (spelled with capital Gs and Ls). As in other clubs they have to be proposed and seconded and to show that they have reached a high standard of play before they are allowed to join. Some members do still play croquet on the club lawn. Members are entitled to tickets for the Wimbledon tournament, to use the members' restaurant and, of course, the clubhouse itself, which has the stoical legend

"If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster

And treat those two Impostors just the same"

over the door. The All England Club must not, I was told, be confused with the Lawn Tennis Association, which is the official tennis body in this country. Wimbledon (i.e., the lawn tennis

championship meeting on grass) is acknowledged by the L.T.A. to be the official grass championship of this country and all profits from it go to the L.T.A. after expenses have been deducted. There the liaison between the two bodies ends.

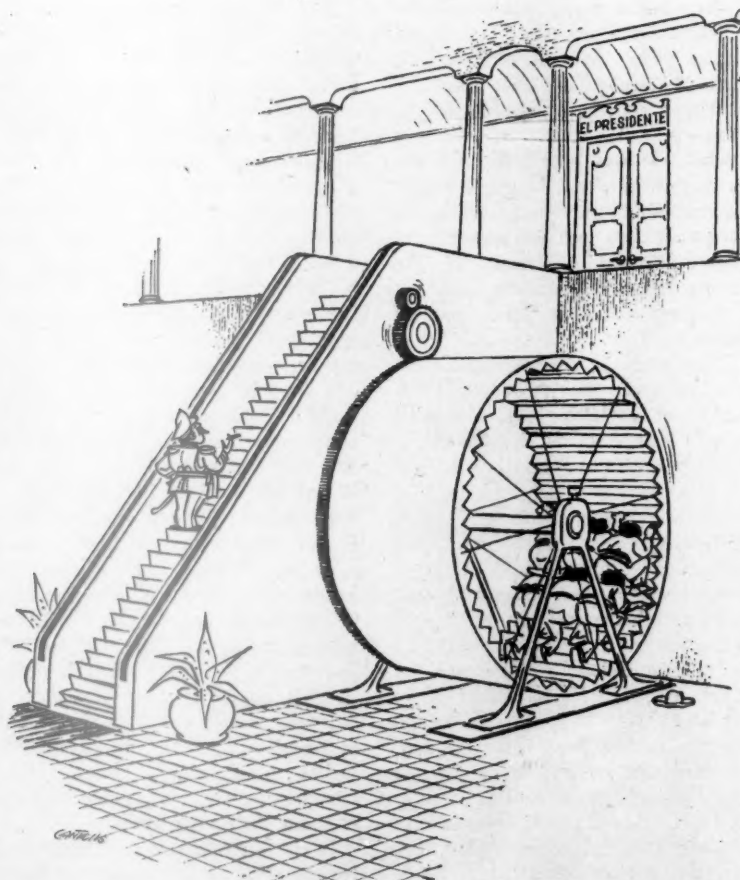
There is no doubt that the whole year of the club is arranged to display that scintillating fortnight in June to the best advantage. The end of the fortnight sees secretary, staff and groundsmen dropping with fatigue, but work is immediately started for the next championships. The club committee meets at once to discuss suggestions for improvement, and in any year there may be as many as ninety suggestions on the agenda to be examined. These usually include plans for improving the arrangements for safety or comfort—jobs like widening paths and extending stands. The work decided upon is at once contracted out to building firms. At

about the same time tickets are printed for the next year's championships and during the autumn these are checked and put aside for members. In January a ballot is held to decide the allocation of tickets to non-members, and extra office staff are taken on to handle the mass of applications. Meanwhile the twelve groundsmen have been labouring over their lawns. There is no doubt that they are craftsmen, and they have the typical caginess of their breed. Asked about what they actually do to make bits of grass look so good they hastily mutter something about it being "too technical to explain," but they will vouchsafe that they grow their own turf with which to replace the worn patches at the net and the baselines. The Centre Court and No. 1 Court are not turfed but sown (and resown each year) and of all the Wimbledon courts these alone are reserved exclusively for championship play. The ugly tower which sticks out of the grounds like a sore thumb is there to supply water in a dry summer, though it has not been used for many years. When it was last used it drew its supply from the lake in Wimbledon Park.

There is a kind of military mood at Wimbledon which reflects the secretary's temperament. Colonel Macaulay is a meticulous man with a lifelong enthusiasm for tennis who, though never in the international class, used to be well known all over the country as a player and umpire. He seems to know almost every British player—he distinctly remembers Mrs. Round as a little girl. He used to like playing golf and squash but now finds himself so taken up with the administration of tennis that he simply hasn't the time. Now and again he watches the odd game of tennis but never during Wimbledon fortnight. One suspects he enjoys the finicking attention to detail his job requires.

"Take cars," he says. "All the players stay at London hotels or with friends and we operate a fleet of cars to fetch them in time for their matches and take them back again. If we once let these players start wandering about the London Underground system we should never see them again. So we look after them. It means moving about four hundred bodies a day, if you count their various attendants as well.

"Catering? We hand that over to





"Says so right here. Made in Detroit."

wife, switched off her vacuum cleaner, and let her have it.

"Look," I said, "here's a break. OOK/J30885's come up and I've got OOK/J30302. Near as a toucher we've won twenty-five pounds."

"How d'you mean OOK," she said. "You haven't got an OOK in the pack. Think you can fool me?"

And she was right. I checked up with the bond certificates and made the astounding discovery that *all* their numbers were different from the ones I had in my head. By some mysterious act of subliminal transposition my STB/59876 had become BTS/59678 and PTQ/777771 had become PQT/111117. And so on. For months I had been scouting for wealth with a faulty geiger counter. It was a shock.

Naturally I had to spend the next few days with the back numbers of the *Daily* —, just to make certain that Lord Mackintosh's staff hadn't fallen down on their task of forwarding me a cheque; and this involved me towards the end of the week in the painful necessity of surrendering SQJ/P3082 and TDP/Q67953 in order to meet the grocery bill. Needless to say, I said goodbye to them with a heavy heart.

"It's as I predicted," said my wife. "The bonds will be the ruin of you."

Well, I have written to Lord Mackintosh, telling him that the main reason for the declining popularity of Premium

Bonds is this difficulty of owner-participation in the draw. I have suggested that names would be more engaging than numbers, and I have submitted a list of the names I should like to substitute for my numbers. For example, my STB/R56771 would become Sir Paddy, and AAQ/L12774 would become, quite simply, Papyrus. Naturally, I don't want to force Lord Mackintosh's hand in this matter: I just think it is up to the subscriber to decide for himself whether he prefers names to numbers or *vice versa*. So far Lord Mackintosh hasn't replied, and in the circumstances I have decided to encash the whole of my holdings of his bonds. I shall let them all go, every one. The lot. And with the proceeds I propose to acquire a new set of numbers—numbers that I can remember, and numbers that should figure rather more prominently in the draw than the old bunch.

Incidentally, is it possible, I wonder, to *buy* easily remembered numbers? At a price, of course. After all, it's done with motor car registrations and telephone numbers, isn't it? Why not, then? I shall write again to Lord Mackintosh.

☆
"JUDGE SAYS HE CAN SLEEP
ANYWHERE"
Daily Telegraph

Even on a hard bench?

King Kong

PATRICK SKENE CATLING

previews a new musical

A FEW people in London these evenings are providing special after-dinner music with proprietary pride unequalled since the arrival of the first smuggled copies of the record of *My Fair Lady*. "I think you'll like this," *avant-garde* hostesses are saying again. "One can't yet get it here."

The new show is *King Kong*, the first "All African Jazz Opera." It has achieved great success in the Union of South Africa; it may achieve even greater success in London (and in New York). It certainly deserves to, but whether it does or not depends first on the South African Government. If the sixty-eight men and women of the cast and orchestra, all black, are allowed to leave their country in time, Mr. Jack Hylton will produce *King Kong* in London in October and the record will be released here simultaneously. The South African Government has been given a small but important opportunity to improve its reputation both in Africa and beyond.

The South African Government has already exercised a modicum of common sense and humanity, after a long, doubtful delay, by giving a passport to Mr. Todd Matshikiza, the composer of the music for *King Kong*. He arrived here with his wife and two children last month for an indefinite period.

At the age of "about thirty-five or thirty-eight" (his age, he said, was the only subject about which he was superstitious) Mr. Matshikiza, a very small, quiet man with a neat, round head, a bright smile, and a sportive schoolmaster's taste in dress, had just left South Africa for the first time. When I met him recently in Chelsea he was treating his Government conversationally with careful propriety. He seemed to have imposed upon himself a patriotic self-restraint. When, inevitably, references were made to his Government, he spoke of it candidly but surprisingly gently and, with exemplary diplomatic discretion, he emphasized his own people's cultural progress and

aspirations rather than the political obstacles in their way.

Mr. Matshikiza's family themselves represent some of the remarkable changes that have taken place in South Africa in just a few generations. His great-grandfather was a witch-doctor, his grandfather was converted to Christianity, his father played the organ in an Anglican church in Queenstown, and Todd Matshikiza was educated at Lovedale Teachers' Training College.

"My great-grandfather was a seer," he said. "He was supposed to know you would soon come along the pathway over the mountain to see him before you yourself knew. Anyway, he used to enthrall his patients by dancing and chanting simple, repetitive, hypnotic music. Some music like his can still be heard in South Africa to-day. There is a tremendous amount of wealth in our music that should be preserved. That is one reason that we were so pleased last March when the African Music and Drama Trust established a training centre in Johannesburg. We need more people trained to write music and we need more funds for books and recordings."

(The Trust, an entirely non-political organization, was founded in London this year under the chairmanship of Mr. Jack Donaldson and the patronage of Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Mr. Harry Belafonte, Lord Harewood, Lady Elliot of Harwood, Mr. Yehudi Menuhin, Mr. Bernard Miles and Mr. Henry Moore. The Trust naturally hopes that there will be a London production of *King Kong*, partly because it would undoubtedly help to gain support for the training centre.)

In his own musical development Mr. Matshikiza has been influenced by traditional African folk music, European religious music and American jazz, especially jazz played by the late Art Tatum, the blind Negro pianist, and jazz written and played by Duke Ellington. Mr. Matshikiza's favourite Ellington composition is one of his more elaborate concert suites, "Black, Brown and Beige."

The book of *King Kong* was written by Mr. Harry Bloom, a white lawyer who used to practise in Johannesburg. I do not know where he is now, but until very recently, according to an American journalist who was there, Mr. Bloom was in detention without

charges against him. The lyrics were written by Mrs. Pat Williams, a South African journalist now on the staff of Granada Television in London.

The libretto was based on the melodramatic true story of a Zulu originally called Ezekiel Dhlamini, the black heavyweight champion of South Africa (sport, too, is segregated). He was a popular hero of prodigious brawn and arrogance. Mr. Matshikiza said that he, like most of his fellow countrymen, used to admire Dhlamini at a distance. The nickname did not seem to have been derived simply from the Edgar Wallace fantasy about a colossal ape, in Mr. Matshikiza's opinion, but "more onomatopoeically," from the sounds of Dhlamini's fists. "He was a boxer that hit you with tremendous thuds," the composer said. "*King!*—the left; and then the right—*kong!*" After he had slipped from supremacy, "King Kong" became involved with a Johannesburg gang called "The Spoilers," stabbed his mistress to death in a dance hall, pleaded for execution but was sentenced to twelve years' hard labour, and shortly afterwards, in 1957, committed suicide by jumping off a dam.

The story is hardly a frivolous one; but neither was *West Side Story*, and *King Kong* is an idiomatic musical animated by the same sort of wild vitality. Mr. Matshikiza said the dancing could be described as "Sunday township ballet—sometimes lacking form but always vigorous and natural, with some of the gaiety, the colour and the bounce of the township streets on

holidays." The music is certainly lively enough. It is a curious mixture, sometimes reminiscent of American swing bands of the late nineteen-thirties, but with some of the cruder simplicity of Calypso and occasional unfamiliar melodic and rhythmical patterns that are African.

It was not easy to form the orchestra. "For example," Mr. Matshikiza said, "although we are the drummers of the world, in South Africa now it is difficult to find a good drummer because drums cost so much." But the raw musical talent is plentiful, and Mrs. T. K. Kilmartin, a member of the Trust committee, recently told Mr. Matshikiza, "I believe this will produce a new, original African music—perhaps even another Stravinsky."

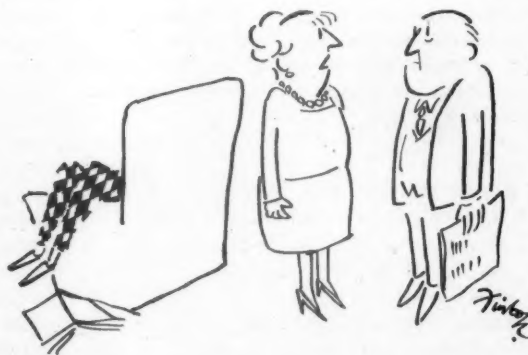
"It's not impossible," Mr. Matshikiza assured her. "Something new is happening all the time in Africa. I'm sure some new music was starting even as my plane was taking off from Johannesburg." Suddenly he looked homesick.

★

"NUCLEAR WARFARE AND CIVIL DEFENCE
An international meeting of scientists in 1958 considered that sufficient nuclear weapons are now available to destroy the whole human race."—*Civil Defence*, page 2

"AROUND THE CIVIL DEFENCE DIVISIONS
Efforts are being made by the BEXLEY Civil Defence Unit to reorganize their archery group."—*Civil Defence*, page 13

Seems a bit superfluous.



"You realize she's out of her teens tomorrow, and we'll have to start understanding her all over again!"



"And now it is my duty to warn you that everything you've said has been taken down and will be used in evidence."

To All Special Correspondents

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

It has been decided that as a measure of economy in future all eye-witness accounts of revolutions in foreign countries will be written in the office. Special correspondents will be permitted to charge reasonable travelling expenses between their homes, if in or near London, and the office. All special correspondents are requested to use for their despatch the enclosed form, which will be permanently set up in type, making the appropriate insertions or excisions to fit the particular revolution that is being reported.

—THE EDITOR.

REPORTER ON THE SPOT ARMY REVOLT IN — (Name of Country)

From: (Name)
 (Name of
 Capital of Revolting Country, if known)
 (Day of week, preferably previous day, but, if day of
 week not known, any day will do.)

I write this
 looking down from the window of my hotel on the

enthusiastic crowds that are good humouredly jostling one another in the Place/Plas/Piazza/Square (in accordance with local colour) below.

lying on the floor of a café in the main boulevard as machine-gun fire rips the stillness of the surrounding streets.

in the last train to leave — (Name of Capital) before the frontier was closed. (Care should be taken not to use this form when the country concerned has no land frontier. Cross out whichever two of these forms are not preferred.)

This morning I saw with my own eyes the massive swoop by which the troops of the army seized power from the corrupt Parliamentary régime of Premier —. (Name, if known.) It is too early to say yet in detail what will be the policies of the new Government, but it can without confidence be stated that this is no dictatorship. "The army has not seized power in order to establish military rule" explained the new Premier, General —. (Name of new, repeat new, Premier. On no account should the name of the former Premier be here inserted.) "As soon as tranquillity has been restored and the Parliamentary politicians, now under arrest,

have been tried and punished, we will hold free elections." It is clear that General — is not a man who is actuated by any personal love of power. The situation in — (*Name of Country*) is in no way comparable, in spite of superficial similarities, with that in Korea/Iran/Iraq/Pakistan/Egypt/Cuba/Dominica. (*Not more than four and not less than two of these countries where the situation is not comparable should be mentioned. Please strike out which you do not require.*)

The seizure of power has passed off almost bloodlessly. All is now quiet in —. Tanks and armoured cars are patrolling the streets. The British Embassy has/has not been burnt to the ground. There is no reason to fear that yesterday's revolution will be in any way a threat to British interests or to British prestige in —, or to —'s membership of the — Pact. The former Prime Minister and the Chief of Police, who, it will be remembered, won such golden opinions when they were the guests of the British Government during their visit to London last June,

are under arrest and awaiting trial
have fled the country
have been murdered
are sitting in this café quietly drinking aperitifs

Or

The whereabouts of the former Prime Minister and the Chief of Police, who, it will be remembered won such golden opinions when they were the guests of the British Government during their visit to London last June, are unknown.

(*Select fate according to taste. Northern readers prefer violence.*)

The President

was arrested in his bed at 4 a.m. this morning
was taken from his motor-car while attempting to leave the capital at 10.30

is reliably reported to be in hiding in a public lavatory.
(*Select one version and stick to it.*)

On arrest he attempted to shoot himself but missed and is now in good health. He sent his best wishes to his successor, wishing him every success in the onerous duties which he had assumed. The Minister of the Interior was arrested in his pyjamas. Subsequent reports that he was hanged by enthusiastic supporters from a tram-post have/have not been confirmed. (*Check whether there are trams in this city. If there are no trams, for tram-post, read lamp-post.*)

General — is — years of age. (*N.B.—This sort of General is usually between 65 and 70. If no information available, say 67.*) He was formerly Chief of the General Staff and has hitherto taken no part in politics. On the assumption of power he issued a proclamation to the people, announcing that he had formed a Government in order to defend the principles of democracy and to assure the essential liberties of the people. The Parliament would be immediately dissolved. A curfew would be imposed. The freedom of the press would be suspended and those responsible for the nation's misfortunes would be brought to trial. All prisons have been thrown open. A general amnesty has been proclaimed. Those now in prison have been let out in order to make room for those who are to go in in their place. The Minister of Finance (*insert name, if known*) is leaving — to-night for New York/Moscow to raise a loan. — was in a delirium of delight at the lightning coup which brought the dictatorship of Mr. — to an end. The

normally stolid — marched and danced through the streets shouting with joy, kissing one another on both cheeks, firing off their automatic weapons into the streets and occasionally taking time out to beat up some person of whom they did not like the look. Older people were in tears at the success of the revolt. It reminded them, they said of the revolution of —. (*Check date, or dates, on which other reactionary régimes have been previously overthrown by violence in this country.*)

At 4 a.m. this morning on the outskirts of the city were gathered the — Division and the — Infantry Division. (*N.B.—Any numbers will do.*) Machine-gun fire broke out. This was the pre-arranged signal for the outbreak of the revolt. Jeeps, supplied with American arms, drove into the city, supported by other jeeps, supplied with Russian arms. General — in his statement made it clear that the new Government would honour all its military commitments to both sides. A few policemen who attempted to direct the traffic were shot, but there was no bloodshed.

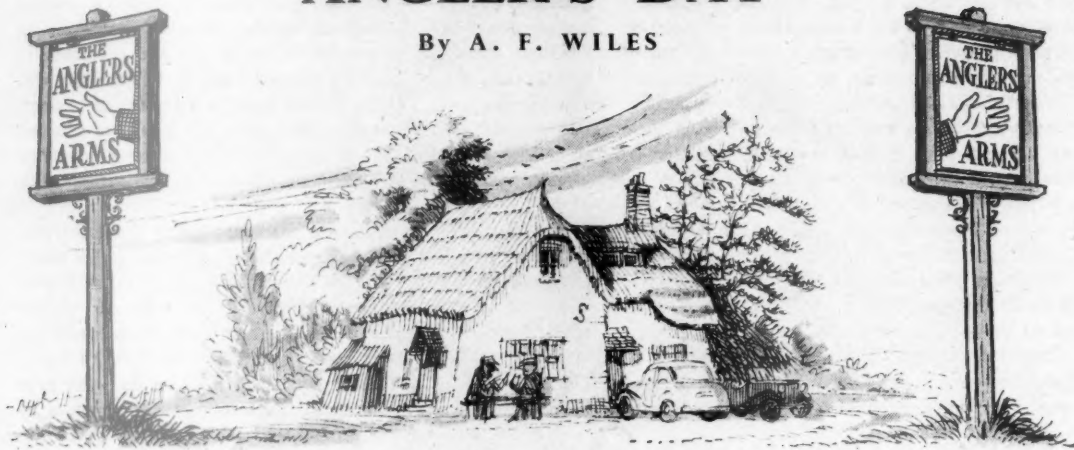
Troops smashed the windows of the Post Office and all communications with the outside world have been cut. They burnt down the main railway station, destroyed the cathedral and looted all the shops in the centre of the town. Order has now been restored, and, as I sit here writing this article on a peaceful Sunday (?) morning with no more than an occasional bullet whistling past my head, there is nothing save the rotting corpses in the street and the smell from the University Science Laboratories which the students burnt down as evidence of their sympathy with the revolution, to indicate that the situation is in any way abnormal.

All planes have been grounded. Troops with fixed bayonets are standing by outside all public houses waiting for them to open. This afternoon at the — Stadium a crowd of 73,000 witnessed an association football match between England and —. The final score was — 7, England 1. At the conclusion of the match one of the linesmen was set on fire. The young girls in the streets are kissing the troops and garlanding them with flowers/The troops in the street are kissing the young girls and garlanding them with flowers. (*Correspondents should record not more than ten and not less than seven of these impressions.*)



ANGLER'S DAY

By A. F. WILES



"My dad says he hopes you're having a lot of luck and could you let him have a mug of groundbait?"



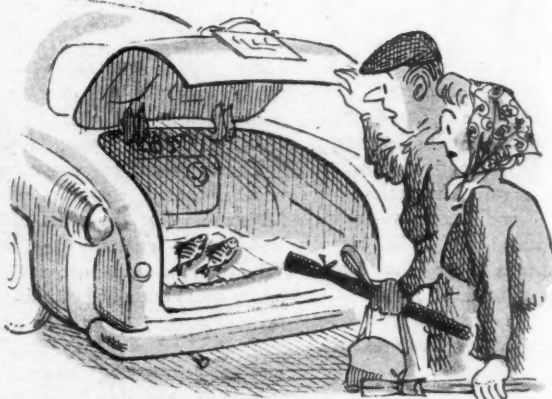
"Well, nobody asked you to come,

"Drop it!"





"I helped him to gaff it, don't forget."



"They looked a lot bigger
in the Morris Minor."



"I don't recall a smile like that when
you carried me over the threshold!"



"Not a nibble."

The Literary Treatment of Insomnia

By SAUL JARCHO

NEWSPAPER articles and government reports constantly remind us that the citizens of the United States consume huge and steadily increasing amounts of somniferous drugs. The quantities, whether reckoned in grams or dollars, are appalling. The manifest dangers which threaten a chronically half-narcotized nation have encouraged the search for alternative methods of producing sleep, preferably drugless.

The first that comes to mind is the use of tape-recorded sermons or lectures. Since diatribes against sin often banish wakefulness on a Sunday morning, it is reasonable to think that the same effect might be obtained on a weekday night. Those who are averse to theology, both diurnal and nocturnal, would do well to consider instead such subjects as stratigraphy or embryology. A discourse on crustal deformation or on the troubles of the mesonephros is the equal of at least three grains of seconal—and produces no after-effects.

While the merits of the tape-recorded lecture are established beyond cavil, this method has a few inconveniences. The equipment is expensive and sometimes troublesome. Even more important is the problem of recording. Can

one be certain that one's favourite somniferous preacher or lecturer is at his dullest on the day when the tape-recorder is surreptitiously brought into action? For these reasons the use of tape-recordings has not got far and the search for other methods has continued.

Many years ago the *Harvard Crimson* introduced an annual unpopularity contest in order to ascertain, by genuinely democratic methods, what was the world's worst poem. Usually the palm was awarded to one of the works of Dante or Cervantes or Wordsworth. It stands to reason that in these writings must lie the object of our quest. The list can easily be amplified and improved.

The appropriateness of Dante for the treatment of insomnia cannot be doubted. I speak here only of the *Inferno*, since no one ever reaches the *Purgatorio* or the *Paradiso*. The narcotic properties of the *Inferno* depend on the theme and structure of the poem. The reader is first led gently downward and is then drawn round in circles—all this in gloom and darkness—until consciousness vanishes. The same introductory cantos have the same hypnotic effect night after night.

It is easy to prove that the *Inferno* is an effective remedy for sleeplessness.

Look at any copy of the book and you will observe that all the wear and tear is in the first few pages; the later pages look fresh and new.

As for Wordsworth, he is an author whom I hesitate to recommend in a comparatively mild disease like insomnia. Wordsworth should be read only *after* one has fallen asleep, but it is difficult to see how this can be done. To this rule there is one exception, viz. that Wordsworth may be read in revised versions, such as that written by the late lamented Franklin P. Adams:

*She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave. Ho! ho!
Tee hee! tee hee! tee hee!*

As for Cervantes, the perpetually delicate state of our relations with Latin countries precludes further comment. Nor would I dare to displease personages at Whitehall by reflections on Bright's Anglo-Saxon Grammar.

There remain for consideration the underestimated resources of medical literature. For the relief of insomnia treatises on anatomy are wonderful. Who can read Gallaudet on fascia (New York, 1931) without becoming involved in mesodermal labyrinths until consciousness takes flight? And even an insomniac anatomist who should grapple with W. S. Miller on the anatomy of the lung (Springfield, 1937) will find that he will his quietus take.

But both of these books not only ablate consciousness, they threaten respiration and even life itself; hence they are recommended for the severest cases only. It remains to mention one volume which is guaranteed to produce prolonged peaceful and dreamless sleep, equivalent to the deeper planes of anaesthesia. This is the treatise by Schmorr and Junghanns, *Die Gesunde und Kranke Wirbelsäule im Röntgenbild* (Leipzig, 1932). Throughout its pages there is nothing to arouse so much as a flicker even from the most ardent devotee of osteopathology, and the reader can plod on from *Zwischewirbelscheiben* to *Lendenkreuzbeingegegend* without having his attention once aroused. But few if any will ever get that far.





6. Looking for Hubble

IF you look at a big map of Rojacco you may notice, down near the bottom right-hand corner, in the narrow green belt along the Pinn River, the small town of Santa Quiqua. Behind it, to the south-west, stretches a vast, hellish jungle wilderness in which there are believed to lie hidden some of the tawdriest pre-Inca remains in existence. In front of it, to the north-east across the turgid Pinn, thickly wooded country rises into the weird, lunar landscape of the Sierra Araga, reputed home of the Mabaja Indians, who eat raw monkeys, coffee beans and wrapping paper.* Here too the savage *racotta* is not unknown, which can partially flatten a good quality cabin-trunk with a single blow of its foot, and which is not nearly so nocturnal as many people seem to think.

Santa Quiqua is ninety miles up-river from Cola, the smelly port at the mouth of the Pinn, and it is the last contact with civilization in this grim, fever-haunted wasteland. Five minutes after he has left Santa Quiqua, in any direction, a stranger is automatically given up for lost, and a cross is made beside his name in the hotel register. "Any fool can get to Santa Quiqua," Mrs. Dyson said as we limped painfully out of the jungle and were carried the last hundred yards to the reception desk by our native bearers and revived with brandy: "the trick lies in getting out again."

We had come, like so many before us, to look for Mr. Hubble. I think it

is fair to say that more people have been lost while looking for Mr. Hubble in the wilds of Rojacco than would seem to be absolutely necessary. He himself was lost, you may remember, while looking for Professor Schleppe, who had in turn disappeared while allegedly looking for scarlet ibis and roseate spoonbills in the Pinn River delta. Schleppe himself was long ago written off as untraceable,* but the cult of looking for Hubble has attracted more and more devotees every year since he set out from Santa Quiqua on that sultry day in 1937, armed only with a machete and carrying a week's supply of corned beef. "I expect to be back on Friday," he told the hotel manager. "Please have my room dusted and try to do something about the ants in the wardrobe." Then he plunged bravely into the jungle and was never seen again.

There were rumours, of course. Natives kept finding bits of what was supposed to be him, but the last time they were fitted together they added up to a bush-tailed porcupine and the front end of a giant hare. His wife, who had flown out from Norfolk on the off-chance, took one look and said "That's not Gregory, there must be some mistake." Spotter aircraft have twice reported what seemed to be an Englishman sitting thoughtfully in a clearing. On three occasions since 1937 Hubble has been brought back in a litter by triumphant pygmies, but each

* He was only a little over five feet in height, and of a retiring disposition.

time it has turned out to be someone quite different. Search-parties have radioed encouraging messages about size-eight footprints, mysterious white-complexioned ju-ju men or strange voices in the night calling "Coo-ee!" through the trees in an Oxford accent; but, since the search-parties themselves have shown a tendency not to return, it has never been found possible to follow up such flimsy clues. Mrs. Dyson herself only became really interested in the whereabouts of Hubble last year, about a fortnight after a substantial reward had been offered for definite proof as to whether he was still alive or not.

"We ought to try to locate this Hubble chap," she said. "It's a crying scandal that he should be left to rot out there, if that's what he's doing. Besides, if we don't find him some other scoundrel might easily beat us to it. You'd better order a bit of equipment, and I'll ask a few people what he looked like."

And so, on that steamy afternoon last autumn, after trekking for a nightmare twenty-one days through odorous, steaming mosquito country because Mrs. Dyson had decided to save money by ignoring the train service that would have taken us to within an hour's donkey-ride of Santa Quiqua, we sat exhausted in the residents' lounge of the Anaconda Hotel with a photograph of Gregory Hubble dressed for tennis, some samples of his handwriting, and a note from his wife saying "Come home if you must, but do not expect me to give up Ronald Draychester. He is more like a brother to me."

For the first few days we potted about the little town, smiling inscrutably at every suggestion that we were mad to risk our lives in yet another search for Hubble, and picking up all the information we could from people who remembered him. Santa Quiqua proved to be a strange place. Among other things it is an international sounding-board, and secret agents of every nationality under the sun sit all day in the hotel lounge, pretending to read old copies of *The Lady* or staring at you with bloodshot eyes and trying to sell you watches. At night they doze on bamboo chairs on the hotel verandah, sipping *kuopa* and listening to the monotonous throbbing of native drums. Sometimes in the early hours a stifled

* Separately. Not in a stew.

moan will be reported from one of the rooms, and a man without papers will be found riddled with small calibre bullets. His cameo ring will be missing, and there will be a radio-transmitter under his bed. The native police will chug up-river the next day in a paddle-boat from Cola. They will question the hotel staff and search everyone's room for English cigarettes, and then they will chug away down-river again, tight-lipped and dapper in their grey linen suits, and that will be that. Then there are the *raba*-trappers—dark, secretive men, unshaven and suspicious, with their pelts wound round their stomachs and their bags of hard currency hung round their necks. An occasional professional hunter will drift in for supplies, with a briar pipe and the daughter of some Rio millionaire who wants to shoot a tapir or a kinkajou. They will sit at the bar getting to know one another, and when the place gets really crowded he will show her how the *gauchos* of Patagonia catch rheas by riding them down on horseback and throwing *bolos* at them to entangle their legs. And of course there are the natives. You can't go far in Santa Quiqua without finding natives.* They sit around in circles chewing *chocha*-nuts and playing *keebe* in the streets. In their hive-shaped huts of clay and *borma* shoots they make brown bread and mild beer. They stand on the shabby quayside to watch the paddle-boat come in with mail and ammunition from Cola. They disappear into the jungle for days at a time to perform what they call a rite, and when they come back a good many of them look pretty sheepish. When they have nothing else to do they bang on their *dobhi*-drums and dance the slow foxtrot in the town square. They are for the most part Quirares, with a few Dolajas and here and there a kind of Frenchman. The Quirares are said to be expert with the *mhumbo*, and they do not marry. The Dolajas, on the other hand, marry all the time. I'm not sure about the Frenchmen, and neither is Mrs. Dyson.

This, then, is Santa Quiqua—a sweltering melting-pot where the unexpected is always happening and the jungle encroaches day by day. Muscular Rojacco cougars sniff and stalk through the narrow streets at night, and it is by

no means uncommon to find a monitor lizard in your salad. Here only the fittest survive, and in the rainy season the lounge of the Anaconda Hotel is awash from June to September. "At that time," Xavier the proprietor explained to me, "we do not use the lounge. Right?" (Xavier, a middle-aged Pakistani from Bradford, originally came to the district looking for tin, and built the hotel in three months from *chaqua* wood and reinforced concrete. He has never found any tin.) During the hot spell from October to March nothing much is done at all: the cinema closes down, the trappers make for the hills, the natives drink their beer, and the secret agents lock themselves in their rooms and get on with their memoirs.

Not a pleasant spot, you may think. But as Mrs. Dyson truly said, if it's Hubble you're after you haven't much choice.

I slept badly the night before we left, what with the chatter of insects, the screams of hyacinthine macaws, the dripping of my cold-water tap, the snores of Mrs. Dyson from the other side of the building and the rhythmic chanting of our native bearers as they roasted the carcase of a *luakele* under my window, and I don't think Mrs. Dyson had too good a night either: I noticed that she was still wearing curling-pins as we formed up at dawn in a single file and set off down the rough track that led from the back of the Superba Dance Hall to the edge of the jungle. She seemed in good spirits, however, and it wasn't until the tenth day that she began to show any real signs of uneasiness. That was the day when we came across a notice nailed to a tree. It was in neat pokerwork lettering, and it said *No Trespassers By Order, G. Hubble*.

It was an eerie moment. We had no idea of our latitude or longitude. Even Manuel, the guide who had accompanied us because he was the only person left in Santa Quiqua claiming to know the way to a spot where an empty tin of Hubble's favourite snuff had been found in 1946, confessed himself utterly lost. Interrogated sternly by Mrs. Dyson he eventually said that we were probably somewhere between the Panama Canal and Tierra del Fuego, but he wasn't inclined to bet on it. He was obviously rattled. "I must throw myself on the mercy of the *señorita*," he said to Mrs. Dyson. "She is wise and

strong and British, and will surely find a way."

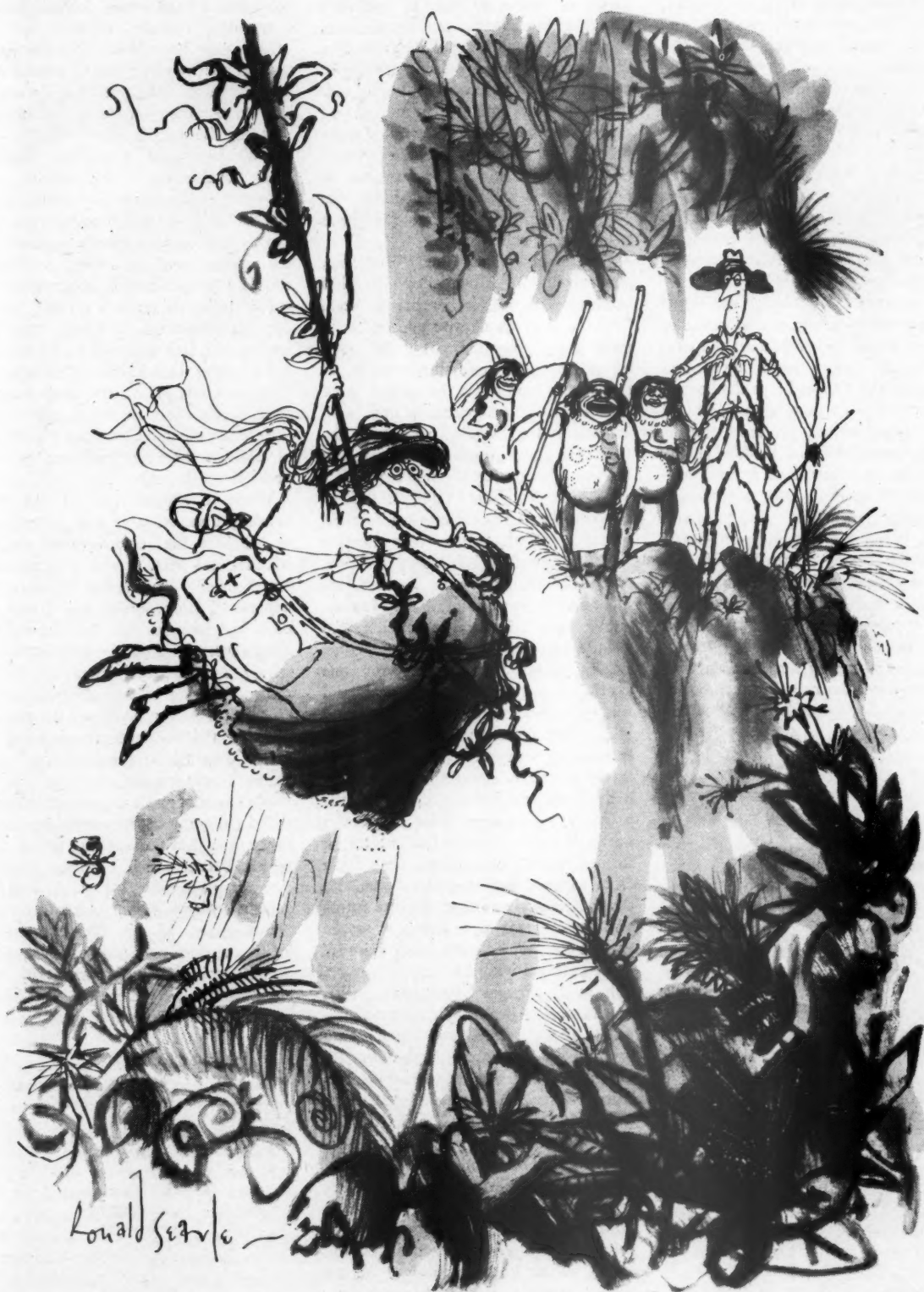
"I don't want any lip from you," said Mrs. Dyson. "All I know is, that pokerwork is no more than a month old, if I'm any judge, and it looks like Hubble's writing."

She was quite right, of course, although we had another two days packed with vicissitudes ahead of us before we were finally ushered into the living-room of Hubble's semi-detached hut and began the long argument as to whether or not he would be better off lolling in a nice sensible dressing-gown in Norfolk, taking biscuits with his sherry and composing letters to *The Times* about the habits of the armadillo.

Among the most spectacular of these vicissitudes was the crossing of a stream. I remember that it was thirty yards wide at the point where Mrs. Dyson chose to carry out the manoeuvre, and boiling with rapids. When I doubted the wisdom of trying to gain the farther bank when we were already as missing on this side as we were ever likely to get no matter how hard we tried, she said she had heard the faint sound of a gramophone record of the Elgar cello concerto from somewhere directly ahead and she wasn't going to be put off by anybody. Without much more ado, therefore, she clambered up a tree with full pack, took a firm grip on a liana, and launched herself into space with a kind of intrepid scream. Having waited long enough to observe that she made a satisfactory landing in a clump of rare orchids, suffering only the loss of a clasp-knife and a bite from a purple-capped lory whose nest she had inadvertently taken across with her, Manuel and I climbed trees of our own and proceeded to follow her courageous example. In this way—almost by accident, you might say—we made the discovery that some lianas are not as strong as others. So much so that, had the stream not proved to be a mere three feet deep, with any amount of jagged rocks to which a drowning man might cling for a breather from time to time while making his way to the other side, there is no doubt that Manuel and I would have been swept up by the current and carried all the way down to the Pacific Ocean*. As it was we gained the far bank just before nightfall, to find

* You can't go far anyway.

* Or possibly the Atlantic, for all I know.



Mrs. Dyson quietly eating her supper, with all the necessary splints and bandages spread out in readiness for our arrival.

"You should have been here five minutes ago," she said. "The capybaras and agoutis were eating out of my hand."

The native bearers, who had made the crossing by way of a rough but serviceable bridge they found some little distance upriver, had been fast asleep for hours, and looked even more smug than usual.

The country that lay ahead was forest of an alarming density and gloom, and when we began to penetrate it the next morning my heart sank lower and lower. Surely, I thought, as the horned frogs yelped in the ooze at our feet and the fearsome ocelots, peccaries, nutrias and alpacas snarled and snuffled in the pitch-dark underbrush all around us—surely I will never manage to get out of this damp green hell alive? (And indeed, unless the empty aspirin-bottle into which I will presently stuff this MS is eventually picked up by some wherry or tug or simple fisherman, I don't suppose I ever shall.) Mrs. Dyson led the way with the greatest confidence, swinging her *machete* with such verve and dash that no member of the party dared venture within ten

yards of her for fear of untimely decapitation. Branches, lianas, fruit, vegetables, wasps' nests, saplings, snakes, ferns and poisonous berries flew up in her wake as she plunged on boldly into the unknown, and when at last we emerged into a great, wide valley to be greeted by Gregory Hubble with a Sealyham at his heels and a glass of home-brewed *tequila* in his hand, she had to confess that her arm was beginning to ache.

"So here you are, then," she said, after sitting for a while on Hubble's shooting-stick to get her breath back. "And a fine dance you've led us, I must say. Now if you'll be good enough to pack your things we'll get out of this hole while the going's good and clean up a pretty penny with articles in the Sunday papers. 'The Shocking Truth About My Life In The Primitive Jungle', by Missing Explorer."

"Not so fast," said Hubble. "It so happens that I'm perfectly comfortable where I am, thank you very much—and that goes for Professor Schleppe, Rachel Mordaunt, Henri Lacasse, the Honourable Tony Binn, Buck Hughes, Annie Savour, Esmeralda Conchez, and all the other people who have come poking about here looking for one another at various times and decided I was on a good thing when they found me. Our colony may compare unfavourably with Welwyn Garden City in the matter of luxuriously appointed bathrooms, and I won't deny that the presence of vampire bats sometimes makes it difficult to get the kiddies off to bed on dark evenings; but apart from these trifling considerations, and the fact that we sorely need the introduction of some new blood, I assure you we couldn't be more cosily placed."

He then led us to his hut, and over a light snack of what I took to be grilled toucan washed down with warm spring-water, he and Mrs. Dyson began a long process of mutual brain-washing. Despite his seventy years, Hubble was still an alert and forceful character, and it wasn't long before I realized with dismay that this was going to be Mrs. Dyson's last adventure. The wild places of the world would know her eager eye no more; she would settle down here with Hubble and his motley company, the world forgetting by the world forgot, knitting jumpers out of esparto grass and being elected vice-

president of the newly formed Youth Committee, whose function was to create some interests for the teenagers so that they wouldn't hang around the communal drinking-pool half the night and accuse their elders of not understanding them.

"We have food in plenty," Hubble said, "and none of the tedious disadvantages of unrestrained civilization. We are multi-racial. I admit that the Portuguese are altogether too proud for my liking, and we have a Welsh couple I wouldn't trust further than I could throw them; but on the whole our international incidents involve remarkably little bloodshed. Of course, these native bearers of yours will be most welcome: I am trying to have a road cleared through the jungle to our little uranium mine, and the recruiting of a labour force has presented quite a problem up to now..."

When I slipped out of the hut unnoticed and streaked across the main square into the parakeet-loud jungle, Manuel and Mrs. Dyson were already on the point of signing immigration papers. I suppose one day I will go back and look for her, for the ties of comradeship which bound us were strong and she still owes me for a return ticket to Buenos Aires. At the moment, however, acting on the principle that the civilization you know is better than the civilization you don't know, I am groping my way back to Santa Quigua, and it is more than likely that I am going in the wrong direction. Since you have evidently found my aspirin-bottle, which I intend to drop into the next river I pass, I shall be greatly obliged if you will organize a search party. I am five feet ten in height, slightly round-shouldered, with glasses, going bald, brown-eyed, and hopeless-looking. Please hurry. Boa-constrictors are beginning to follow me.

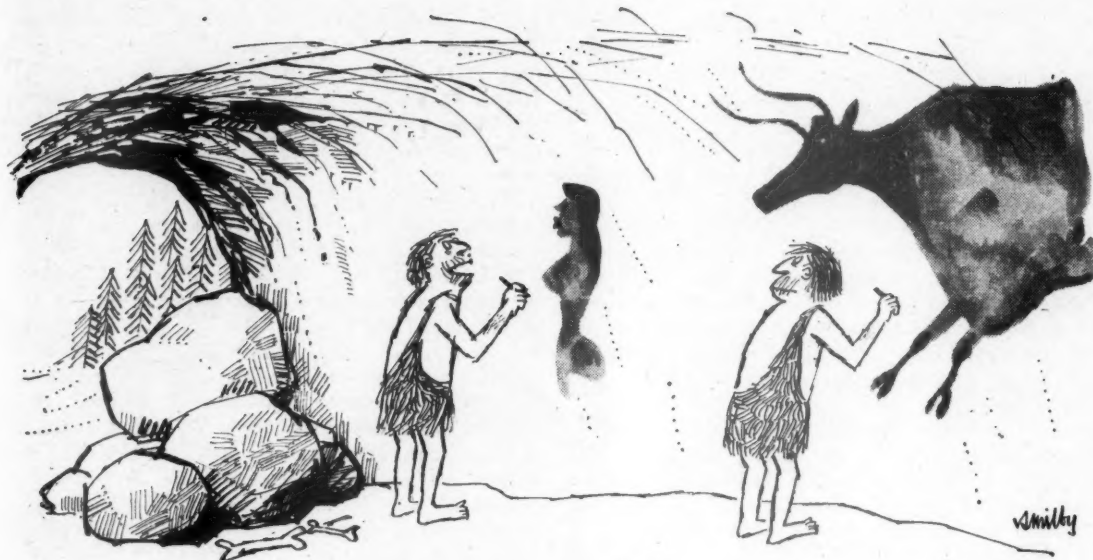
GLOSSARY

<i>Racotta</i>	— a thin, brown animal.
<i>Kuopa</i>	— whisky and soda.
<i>Raba</i>	— a rabbit.
<i>Chocha</i>	— a kind of nut.
<i>Keebe</i>	— a game.
<i>Borma</i>	— a tree.
<i>Dobhi</i>	— a kind of drum.
<i>Chagua</i>	— another tree.
<i>Luakele</i>	— a herring.
<i>Mhumbo</i>	— a harp.

The End



"Darling, I've learnt to haggle."



"I think I'm on to something new."

Misleading Cases

Regina v. Clatter

By A. P. H.

IN the Court of Criminal Appeal to-day the Lord Chief Justice said:

This is an appeal of a novel character. Though at first sight it appears impudent, it springs from the sound roots of our legal history and must be seriously considered.

On May 26 at the Old Bailey the appellant Clatter was found guilty of capital murder and was duly sentenced to death by Mr. Justice Thrush—

SIR HUMPHREY BAISE, Q.C. My Lord, with great respect, the word "duly"—

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: I am grateful to Sir Humphrey. "Duly" was a slip. Indeed, here is the nub of the appeal. We are not asked to consider the facts or the general conduct of the case: no complaint is made of the summing-up, or the evidence admitted. The simple ground of the appeal is that Mr. Justice Thrush, though I myself directed him to preside as a Judge of Assize over this and other criminal causes, had no jurisdiction to pass sentence of death on the appellant.

The strange facts are as follows. The jury retired to deliver their verdict. The Clerk of the Court put the usual question: "Have you considered your verdict?" But as the foreman of the jury opened his mouth to reply, a message was laid before the Clerk, bearing, in block capitals, the words

THE QUEEN IS COMING TO THE CITY.

Such a communication, to any ordinary citizen in that neighbourhood, could bring no sensation but loyal delight. But to the Clerk of the Court, as he explained in evidence, it was the cause, at that moment, of alarm and dismay. It is well understood, at least among the legal profession, that Her Majesty is the prime fountain of Justice, the head of the

Judiciary, as she is of the Church of England. It is at her command, and as her deputies, that we do what we can to administer justice. Accordingly, when she herself is present in the immediate neighbourhood it would be presumptuous for any of us to continue our humble search for justice and right. As Her Majesty approaches Temple Bar, the word, as a rule, is passed in good time to all the judges of the Central Criminal Court, and every judge, with loyal alacrity, steps down from his Bench, at whatever stage the case before him may have arrived. Indeed, in olden times, many a judge was seen scampering out in wig and robes to see the Queen go by.

These thoughts raced through the mind of the unfortunate Clerk of the Court. "My first instinct," he told us, "was to get the proceedings stopped at once. But since I had put the solemn question 'Have you considered your verdict?' to follow it at once with the command 'Don't answer' would, I felt, make for confusion, and might be the cause of unfitting mockery. Moreover, the message did not say that Her Majesty was in fact within the boundaries of the City, and it was my hope that the case would end before her arrival."

The shorthand note of the evidence given by the Clerk of the Court then continues (Q.443): "The foreman of the jury said: 'We find the prisoner guilty.' At that moment another message was thrust before me:

THE QUEEN HAS PASSED TEMPLE BAR.

"I now felt it my duty to act at once. But Mr. Justice Thrush was already preparing to deliver sentence. My Lord, I stood and whispered to the Judge 'The Queen! the Queen! passed Temple Bar!' But, my Lord, this is rather difficult—my Lord, his Lordship did not hear.

"THE COURT: We fully appreciate your delicacy, and your dilemma. Our brother Thrush, though his intellectual powers are still unrivalled, has not, naturally, the hearing of a very young man. And at that moment, no doubt, he was intent upon his distressing duty. Yes?"

"THE CLERK: His Lordship began 'Prisoner at the bar——.' I thought it my duty to try again and I said, more loudly, 'The Queen! Passed Temple Bar.'

"That is what I said," said his Lordship, with a glance of some severity. I then desisted. His Lordship completed the sentence, and ordered the officers to take the prisoner below. He then administered a strong but not unexpected rebuke to me for interrupting him at so solemn and distasteful a moment. When I had explained the circumstances he made a most gracious apology, adding, my Lord: 'God bless me! Where are we now?'

"My Lord, a further message had now arrived with the information that Her Majesty was making only a brief visit to the City, in order to take luncheon at the Inner Temple, of which she is a Bench. I therefore suggested that when she departed his Lordship should pronounce sentence a second time, when he would have full jurisdiction again and all would be in order.

"THE COURT: What did he say to that?"

"THE CLERK: My Lord, he said: 'I'm damned if I do all that again.'"

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE continued: This Court feels considerable sympathy for our brother Thrush. In an ordinary case of this kind, where a judge has admitted evidence, not knowing that through the adjacency of Her Majesty he has no jurisdiction, it is easy to hear the evidence again. (See *The Queen against Stubbs*—1909 2 A.C. at pages 401-490.) But here is a very different affair. One sentence of death in a single day—or week—is as much as most of us can stomach; but to deliver two, one before the midday adjournment and one thereafter, would be invincibly repugnant to all of us. Moreover, the learned, but very human, judge may well have put himself in the mind of the prisoner. A criminal brute he evidently is, and he well deserved to hear those terrible words of condemnation; but what opinion would he, or anyone, hold of the ways of British justice if he had been required to hear them again, after the midday meal, on the technical ground that the judge had no right to say them the first time? I might, of course, instruct Mr. Justice Thrush,

after a reasonable interval for recovery, to return to the Old Bailey, send for the appellant, and condemn him to death once more. But, apart from my regard for the learned Judge, this might expose the appellant to a period of jeopardy and doubt which would cause comparisons with the worst excesses of American dilatory procedure. This I decline to do.

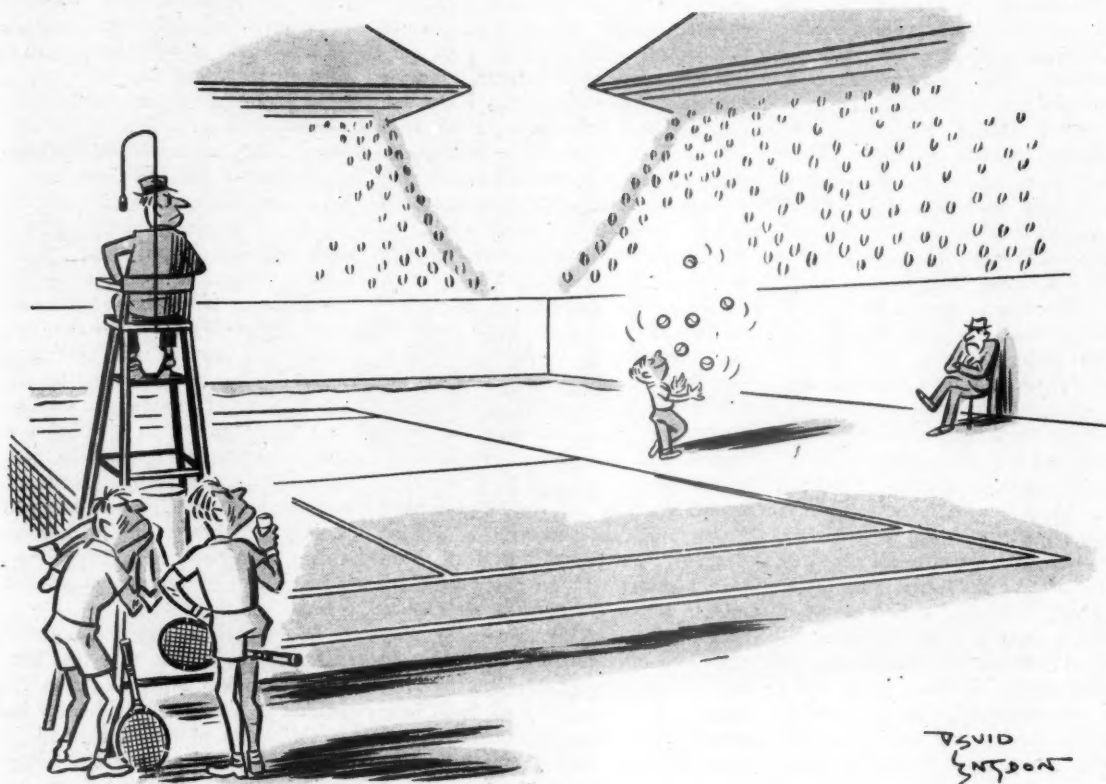
What, then, is our proper course? This Court, strangely and sadly, has no power to order a new trial: but in this case there would not be the slightest virtue in it, if we had. The Attorney-General, Sir Roger Wheedle, suggested that we should avail ourselves of the *proviso* in the Act of 1907 which created the Court. That Act said that though we may find a trial faulty we may allow the result to stand, provided that there has been "no substantial miscarriage of justice"; and a sentence we have power to amend. But, Sir Roger, it is common ground in this case that the trial had no fault; so that question does not arise. We can neither confirm nor amend the sentence here, for there was no sentence at all. By ancient tradition and sound doctrine, everything that was said or done by the learned judge after Her Majesty entered the City was null and void. We are confronted, as it were, with a dog without a tail, and are invited to correct that state of affairs, though we have no power to manufacture tails.

It seems to me that we must respectfully have regard to the central fact on which our difficulty is founded. That fact is the temporary propinquity of the Monarch to the Central Criminal Court, which made it not merely unseemly but impossible for the learned judge to do what he did, or purported to do. It would be insufferably presumptuous for this Court even to guess what the Monarch would have said and decided, if she had in fact sat upon the Bench that day, as long ago some of her predecessors did. But suppose that during the midday adjournment our learned brother Thrush had obtained access to Her Majesty, confessed his fault, and humbly besought her guidance. Can we doubt that the royal instinct would at once have inclined to mercy, that the royal mind would have at once recalled the ancient maxim *In errore semper clementia*? We therefore think that this appeal should be allowed and Mr. Clatter should be freed. If he commits another murder he must not expect to be so fortunate again. But I have a feeling that he won't.

Pheasant, J., and Table, J. concurred.



HARGREAVES



Parental Contribution

By H. F. ELLIS

ONE of the most exclusive clubs in the world (though it has as yet no tie) is that whose membership is confined to means-test-subject parents whose children are due to finish their University studies in the summer of 1961 and who also backed Vienna in the Derby.* The total number of those eligible for election is not known, nor is it of great importance. What matters for our present purposes is that the double misfortune of learning, within the space of three days, first that Vienna had been scratched

* It may be argued that associate membership should be granted to those who backed Angers. But these persons had at least the satisfaction, during the first minute of the race, of wondering what had happened to their horse. Those who backed Vienna knew.

and then that nothing would be done to abolish, or ameliorate, the "parental contribution" before the autumn term of 1961 brought on in its victims an extraordinary clarity of the intellect, a feeling of disengagement (akin perhaps to that induced by mescaline) from the personal worldly involvements that normally cloud and distort judgment. It concentrated the mind, as Dr. Johnson said in another context, wonderfully. The privileged few, purified as by fire, were ready by the end of that remarkable week, to take a disinterested view on almost any subject, and in particular on horse racing and university grants.

It happens that the present paper concerns university grants.

Since the Anderson Committee made

their recommendations it has become clear, from letters to *The Times* and other newspapers, that though the abolition of the means test might bring some comfort to a certain number of comparatively well-off parents it would by no means solve or assuage the ghastly problems by which undergraduates themselves are perennially haggard. On the contrary, to quote one correspondent, it "would certainly have the most disastrous results in the universities, especially Oxford and Cambridge."

This is so disappointing a conclusion that its premises deserve examination. The argument runs as follows. At present the great majority of undergraduates, whether state-, county-, or

parent-aided, have approximately the same amount of money. Abolish the means test, give every young person who wins a place at a university an award of say £450 a year (or whatever is deemed a reasonable sum), and what will happen? The rich parents, relieved of their burden, will give their undergraduate sons and daughters a hundred or two extra as pocket money, and at once we shall be back in the bad old days of divergent incomes. "The result," declares this correspondent flatly, "would be a return to the position of the 'twenties, where universities had wealthy undergraduates with all the advantages of being well off, and poor undergraduates with no such advantages. The logical consequences of this, snobishness and class-consciousness, would be invidious in the extreme."

It is certainly true that some had more money than others in the 'twenties. There were those who could afford to run motor-cars and those who could not, which had the disastrous result of drawing a sharp dividing line between those who offered lifts and those who accepted them. In those days, when social consciences were somewhat embryonic and young men were not properly aware of their right to have

what anybody else had, we non-car-owners rather liked this arrangement; I suppose on the contemptible ground that as we could not afford a car ourselves it was a good thing that Jack or Duggie or Richard could. But one can quite see that differentials of this kind will never do to-day. The problem is, then, how to stop these tiresomely rich parents from sneaking an extra hundred or so into their sons' hands at Paddington, thus turning them logically into class-conscious snobs.

One solution that occurred to me was to forbid the use of money at universities, substituting some system of vouchers obtainable only from the Home Bursar—so many per term for books, so many for beer, cinemas, clothes and the rest. But there are serious snags. Trading in vouchers would soon begin, Junior Common Rooms would become hotbeds of illicit dealing, some smart aleck from Eton would corner all the sherry vouchers and then put the squeeze on anyone whose twenty-first birthday was looming up. In the last analysis, money would still remain the key to gayer cushions, better-cut trousers and all those little extras that used to split our universities into exclusive cliques and cells. A

voucher system could never work unless every undergraduate had exactly the same tastes, interests, needs, ability and even figure as all his fellows—and that ideal is still a long way off.

Is it possible to attack the problem another way, by somehow convincing these rich parents that undesirable consequences for their own sons will follow any addition to the basic state-award? The reason advanced by this correspondent, from whom I have already quoted so freely, why a well-to-do parent will continue to give his son a private income is "so that he can make the most of his time at the Varsity"; and he goes on to say, "The whole point of revising the state's aid to the student is to give all young people equality of chance in getting into a university. The abolishment of the means test would also abolish their equality of chance once they were there." More money, in fact, gives you a flying start in the competitive undergraduate world.

But is this so, you rich unthinking parents? Is it true that that son of yours who has slipped over to Newmarket in his private bubble-car has a better chance of a First than all those basic-rate boys who can only afford a coffee at the Cadena before returning to their cheerless rooms to swot up Roman Law? By heavens, No. The logical consequences of £600 a year are hangovers and a Fourth. If you want to give your boy equality of chance at the university, cut him off with a penny, if that, and let him take his lager-and-lime with the rest.

Somewhere along these lines, it seems to me, lies the solution of this vexing problem. If rich parents will only listen to reason we shall soon have universities where everyone has exactly the same amount of money. What better preparation could there be for a world where nothing of the kind obtains?

☆

"PEEL PARK TECHNICAL COLLEGE,
SALFORD

Principal: F. WOOD, M.A. (OXON.), LL.B., A.I.B.
DEPARTMENT OF ENGINEERING AND BUILDING
SUMMER WELDING COURSE for
PLUMBERS—1960

This course designed to give practical instruction in the welding of hard metals to mature plumbers will be provided on Monday or Tuesday evenings . . .

—Advertisement in Manchester Evg. News
And as long as stocks hold out?

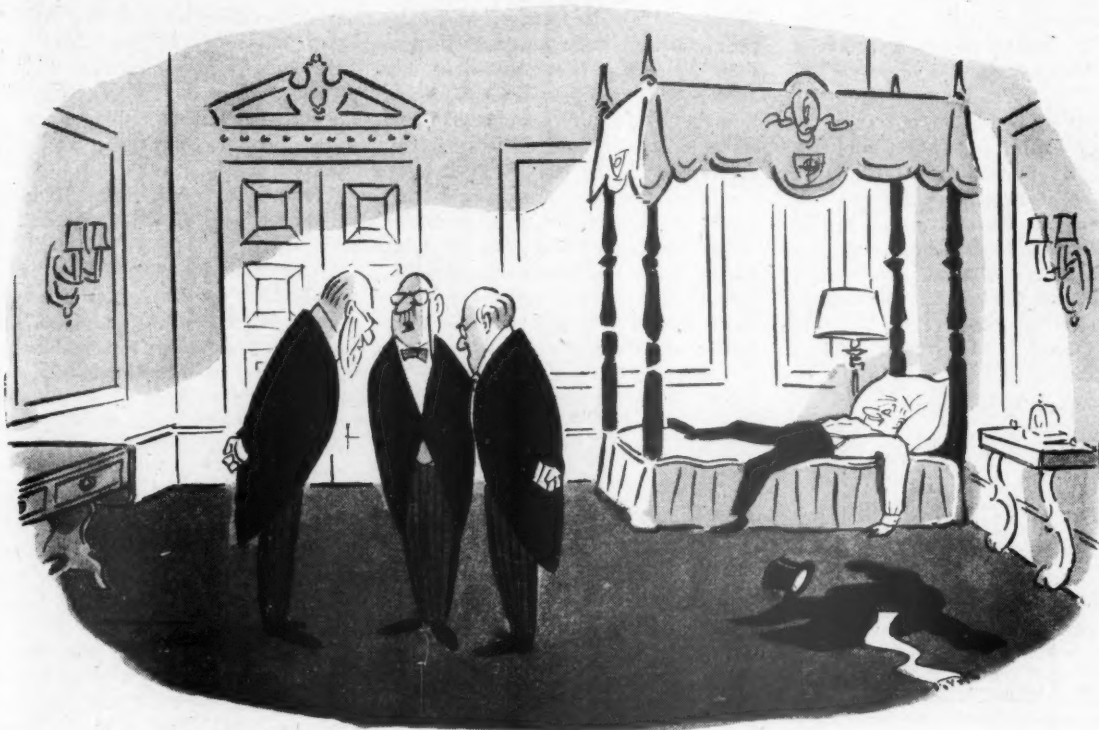
THEN AS NOW

It would be pleasant if Miss Sophia Loren's misfortunes could be as satisfactorily resolved as in this classic instance



Darlgar (about to decamp with actress's diamonds). "DON'T MIND, LADY. JUST THINK OF THE ADVERTISEMENT I'M GIVING YOU."

May 21, 1913



"Worcester sauce, black coffee, cold compress."

Our Man in America

P. G. WODEHOUSE rounds up the news

QUITE a good deal has been said and written about American hustle, and it is the considered opinion of Mr. Vira Poomvises of Bangkok that every word of it is true. Before leaving recently on his first visit to the United States he had been warned by travelled cronies that he must expect to find the tempo of life there much more rapid than that of Siam, and he was soon to discover that these cronies had spoken a mouthful. On his first day in San Francisco the State Department, whose guest he was, told him he simply must take a ride on one of the picturesque cable cars which are such a feature of that up-and-down city. He did so, and was just saying to himself how delightful it all was when the car lost its grip on the cable and shot down Hyde Street Hill at approximately eighty-five m.p.h., continuing its progress until the official in charge some-

how managed to stop it at a turntable. The only passenger calm and unmoved was Mr. Poomvises. He had been expecting something along these lines.

"Speed, speed, speed, that is all these Americans care about," he wrote (in Siamese) on the picture postcards he sent home that night. He is not sure if he quite likes it, but he realizes that when you are visiting a country you must adjust yourself to local customs.

Are you a child of six? If so, according to Dr. Samuel van Valkenburg, who has just completed a survey of five thousand students in thirty-four typical colleges across America, you know as much about world geography as college students do. Bone from the neck up, in his view, is a flattering term to apply to what he calls "these future leaders of the world's most internationalist power."

Here is how one future leader listed the populations of three countries:

Soviet Union	.. 178,000,000
Communist China	6,000,000,000
Great Britain	.. 700,000

The same student, in another part of the test, gave the population of the United States as 483,000,000, possibly because he had just been trying to find a place to park his car.

In another question Dr. Valkenburg, who was getting a little discouraged by now and wondering if it would not be better to call the whole thing off, asked why Australia, a country as large as the United States in area, has a population of only 10,000,000 and does not expect much of an increase. You and I know that the answer is Aridity, but this was not the way one of the students looked at it.

"Not enough for the people to do," was his solution.

A good deal of indignation is being voiced by children of six, and there is talk of libel actions.

Garbage collectors are, of course, the salt of the earth, and one does not know what we would do without them, but I would not like to be a garbage collector myself, and the one I would particularly not have liked to be last week is Irving Deutsch of 316 Rutland Road, Brooklyn, who, when emptying a basket of refuse into his truck at Times Square, found a six-foot king snake at the bottom of it.

"The snake jumped, then I jumped," says Mr. Deutsch.

But there was a happy ending.

Summoned by Mr. Deutsch in a voice plainly audible as far north as Niagara Falls, Patrolman Edward Pick of the West 47th station proved to be a man brought up on a farm, who had handled snakes since he was so high. He grabbed the reptile by the head, shut it in a cardboard box, and it is now at the American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Shelter at 441 East 92 2nd Street and doing well. But the episode has left its mark on Mr. Deutsch. His is the look of a man who has passed through the furnace, and if you speak to him suddenly he is apt to rise from ten to fourteen inches.

It is not lightly that one describes

anyone as belonging to the old bulldog breed, but surely George Clemons of Riverhead N.Y. is entitled to the accolade. He is fond of motoring, and the other day this led to him appearing in the Riverside court before Justice of the Peace Otis J. Pike.

"H'm," said Mr. Pike. "Driving without a licence, eh? Anything to say?"

George had. He explained that every time he takes the driving test he gets so nervous that everything goes black and they turn him down, leaving him no option but to cut the red tape and carry on without the papers which mean so much to the rest of us. He had been driving without a licence for twenty years, he said.

Mr. Pike consulted the charge sheet. "Reckless driving? Speeding? Improper turns? Going through seven red lights and refusing to stop when ordered to do so by a policeman? Looks bad, George."

Mr. Clemons admitted that superficially his actions might seem to call for comment, but not if you examined them more closely and got the full story.

"It wasn't really my fault, your honour," he said. "I was drunk at the time."

Charlie and Me

CHARLIE Brown had a christening
mug
And a bishop's confirmation;
They gave me a name and a bundle of
genes
And left the rest to the nation.

He had hymns at his mother's knee,
He had paternal training;
I have a government-planted tree
To keep me dry when it's raining.

Charlie Brown had a golden rule
To guide his every action;
I had ten years at technical school
With motor-driving instruction.

Charlie Brown must pray and climb
To reach the heavenly mansion;
I need only wait my time
And draw the old-age pension.

— RAYMOND HULL





"La Ronde"

ONCE again Government officials of Western Europe have come together to see if they can fill the breach between the economic blocs that divide this continent. Once more they have separated with empty expressions of goodwill that do not even paper over the cracks. The only practical result of the conference of the Twenty-one in Paris (eighteen European members of O.E.E.C. plus the United States and Canada and a representative of the six countries of the Common Market each of which thus musters $1\frac{1}{2}$ vote) is to set up yet another committee.

This mouse born of the mountain is to be a "Contact Committee" which is to discuss one by one the difficulties and complaints that may arise as a result of the discrimination which the Six and the Seven will be operating against one another. The setting up of this committee is an open admission that the breach cannot be filled and that the best that can be done in the circumstances is to tend such wounds as the division of Europe may cause.

This is a poor response to the brave words that have been spoken since the Summit breakdown—an event which must surely have convinced the countries of the West that their chance of standing up to the economic and political challenge of Communism would be immeasurably improved if they closed their ranks. Since then we have had the Lisbon meeting of the E.F.T.A. seven at which it was apparently decided to adopt a "more flexible attitude" (whatever that may mean) in negotiations with the Six. We have heard Mr. Profumo at Strasburg suggesting on behalf of Great Britain that we might join the six countries of Euratom and of the Coal and Steel Community.

Hard on the heels of this came President de Gaulle's essay in nebulous mysticism, his evocation of a federation of all Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals. This goes even beyond the

thousand-year-old dreams of the other and perhaps greater Charles. It assumes a division between China and Russia and indeed between Asiatic and European Russia. This very long-term view allowed the General to dismiss the present division of West Europe with the reassuring assertion that the Common Market is not intended to hurt any country outside its cosy circle.

So much for the fine words; the parsnips remain unbuttered. Other speeches will be made on the subject, further meetings convened, "la Ronde" will continue in the best manner of the ironic, cynical, highly artistic French film of that name.

Fortunately for Europe and the free world progress towards economic unity is not being left to the tender mercies of Ministers and Government officials. Private enterprise is taking a hand. In Britain many firms have sensed the historic march of events and have been securing their footholds in the mass

European market now growing before our eyes. Their number is revealed in a new section added this year to one of the most valuable books of industrial information and reference *Who Owns Whom—1960* published by O. W. Roskill & Co. and worth every penny of the six guineas it costs.

This new section shows at a glance the offshoots of British companies set up in Common Market countries. These include such well-known and efficient undertakings as Allbright & Wilson, Aspro-Nicholas, A.E.I., the Beecham Group, Courtaulds, de la Rue, Dunlop, Electric & Musical Industries, Fine Spinners, Hoover, Imperial Chemical Industries.

If the investor includes among the merits of a company the readiness with which it can look ahead and act more rapidly than its own government, he would be well advised to give the shares of the above very high marks on this particular count. — LOMBARD LANE

* * *

In the Country



Eggs in June

... We will eat our mullets,
Sous'd in high country wines, sup
pheasants' eggs...

Thus Ben Jonson. Once upon a time, many years ago, I worked on a game farm. I lived in an iron-roofed, iron-sided shepherd's hut on the big bird field. We collected hundreds of pheasant's eggs every day, eggs which were sold at high prices in April and May. Inevitably there were a few cracked. In the evening I might be given eight or ten, which I would fry for my lonely supper. There were no eggs like them.

Come June, and pheasants' eggs fall steeply in value. If the pheasants are hatched too late they won't make nice big birds fit for shooting when the leaves are first off the trees. So great quantities of surplus or late pheasants' eggs, unwanted for hatching, are for sale as mere food, especially in the fancier London shops.

This is a more recent development of an older business. It used to be plovers' eggs (since forbidden) and up to 15s. an egg or £3 a clutch would be paid in Edwardian times for the very earliest, found in March. Country people were keen to find them and trained dogs to help. Even substitute eggs which could be passed off were not despised.

For the rich and most fiercely fashionable there might be quails' eggs imported from Egypt. For others there were (and are) gulls' eggs collected by the score from Yorkshire cliffs—or even imported from Holland. Enterprising schoolboys might take even humbler eggs for home consumption. The late Eric Parker, long editor of *The Field*, once told how, in his Gloucestershire boyhood, jackdaws' eggs were specially relished for breakfast: the daws, if robbed moderately, "laid like farmyard hens, and my employment lasted for most of an Easter holiday."

Bathos to conclude. Soon after the last war a scientist at Cambridge thought he would test the relative palatability of different birds' eggs. He had the help of a panel of three expert tasters who had worked on dried eggs (remember them?) and on the side he co-opted a hedgehog and a rat or two for the sake of their independent preferences. The maximum number of marks for good flavour was ten. Pheasants' and domestic duck eggs were ultimately placed equal with a score of 6.6. Plovers' and jackdaws' eggs also tied—with 7.3. Herring gulls' eggs got 7.9. Top marks went to the eggs of the domestic hen: 8.8. — J. D. U. WARD



AT THE PLAY

King Henry V (OLD VIC)
To-morrow—With Pictures! (LYRIC,
 HAMMERSMITH)
A Trip to the Castle (ARTS)
Don't Shoot—We're English
 (CAMBRIDGE)

JOHN NEVILLE'S production of *Henry V* is not elaborate, not adventurous, and by no means dull. Great play is made with Chorus (spoken splendidly and with infectious excitement by John Stride), who makes his opening excuses on a bare stage, wearing a navy blue raincoat, and remains a contemporary figure throughout. The author would certainly have approved. The stage is never crowded: the battle is won by a ragged handful economically disposed, among

whom the king bustles like a rugger captain with ten minutes to play and three points needed for a draw. Donald Houston, looking young and burly, has some fine moments as this energetic figure, and succeeds during the quiet passages in winning sympathy for the bloodthirsty monarch. When in full voice, however, he is apt to lose himself and us in powerful incoherence. My favourite character, Fluellen, is played with a proper pride and fire and dignity by Gerald James. I also liked Stephen Moore's Nym and the cool, fetching Katherine of Judi Dench. John Bury's settings are simple, unobtrusive, and sufficient.

I may be wrong, but I feel sure that somewhere embedded in the script of *Tomorrow—With Pictures!* there is a perfectly reasonable and satisfactory drama

about a girl from the sticks who sickens of the dreary round, climbs by way of sheer guts and cold, calculated marriage to heights that seem to glitter, and finds true love too late. The trouble with the piece as it stands is that nobody has yet been bold enough to hack away the excess verbiage, the maddening accumulations of quick-fire Madison Avenue epigrams, which bog it down. Many of these rattling speeches contain observations which are thoughtful, witty, even memorable; others are merely smart: but by their very abundance they cancel one another out, at the same time obscuring the plot, the characters, and the authors' intentions. Anthony Creighton and Bernard Miller have in other respects such obvious theatrical awareness that this elementary fault is all the more remarkable. I believe it would be worth their while to trim the play, for under the dulling froth it is strong and lively enough. The leading part gives scope for a lusty performance of great variety, and this is just what it gets from Irene Dailey. Miss Dailey is indefatigable—an actress of resource, with the ability to disguise all the mechanics of a very considerable technique while building a character that really lives and breathes before us. A most vivid piece of work, this, to which I would like to draw the attention of all those West End actresses whose pleasure it is to walk through a part as through the Caprice. James Patterson has a refined ability to handle a pause or a silence, and his portrayal of a cynical young American intellectual is well conceived. For the rest, I particularly enjoyed the odiously charming rich young English layabout as played by James Villiers. One of the authors, Bernard Miller, has directed the play. If he had first spent a little more time in his study he might well have achieved a hit.

George Buchanan's little play, *A Trip to the Castle*—and little is the description that comes to mind most readily—is pleasant, promising, but unsatisfactory. Pleasant because its fantasy is clean and bright and not too forced; promising because the author evidently has something definite to say about Class, Morals and Life in the nineteen-sixties and shows signs that he may one day come right out and say it; unsatisfactory because the dénouement is vague, because there is little humour where humour would obviously have helped,

King Henry the Fifth—
 DONALD HOUSTON



[*King Henry V*

because much of the verse-type dialogue verges on the pompous, and because the social comments thrown up in the course of the story-development are disappointingly trite. A bored little rich girl runs off with a menacing Ted who of course is really just emotionally insecure. It doesn't work. She therefore arranges to marry a well-to-do Negro in Africa. She has some hazy logical reason for this which I didn't catch. I personally think she was emotionally insecure herself by that time—and so, if it comes to that, was I. I liked the cheerful, clear-cut direction of Robert Cartland—in fact the whole evening had an airy, pleasant atmosphere; it was as though one held for two hours a gaily coloured chocolate-box, and only became rueful at the end when one found it to be empty. Hilary Tindall did not attempt to go too deeply into the girl's part, which was perhaps just as well. Terence Stamp behaved recognisably as the Ted. Peter Rosser and Roderick Lovell were often amusing as two cardboard cut-outs from the gallery of the Poor Old English Aristocracy.

There is a good deal of hearty laughter to be got from *Don't Shoot—We're English*, but those who are led by the title of this revue to expect satire will be quickly disillusioned. The general level is what I would describe as intelligent slapstick, presented with a Goonish delight in funny noises, foreign accents, loud bangs and outlandish disguises. Most of the material is by Michael Bentine, who is a very comical man indeed, and he crops up to put it over in sketch after sketch after monologue, with a winning smile just verging on madness and a neat, quick, subtle comedy style that is a delight to watch. He is helped enormously by Dick Emery and Clive Dunn. I doubt if there are three funnier men on any other single stage in the country at this moment. There are also a few dance routines by the Paddy

REP. SELECTION

Ipswich Rep., *Up a Gum Tree* (première), until June 25th.

Playhouse, Nottingham, *Beautiful Dreamer* (première), until June 25th.

Oldham Rep., *Basinful of the Briny*, until June 18th.

Playhouse, Salisbury, *A Glimpse of the Sea and Lunch Hour* (première), until June 18th.

Stone Dancers which I found boring as well as inappropriate, although I believe there are those who care for this kind of thing: and some songs by Maggie Fitzgibbon for which there can surely be no defence at all.

Recommended

The Caretaker (Duchess), Donald Pleasance superb in Pinter's hilarious, disturbing play. *A Passage to India* (Comedy), E. M. Forster's novel brilliantly adapted. *One Way Pendulum* (Criterion), N. F. Simpson's vintage nonsense.

—ALEX ATKINSON



Noel Schoudler—JEAN GABIN

[Les Grandes Familles]

AT THE PICTURES

Never Let Go

Les Grandes Familles

WELL, I certainly seem to be in a minority this time, but I stick to the opinion I formed immediately after seeing *Never Let Go* (Director: John Guillermin): here is another film as professionally good as *The Angry Silence*. It happens to have a lot of crime and violence in it, but that's not the point. The qualities that make it interesting and gripping are concerned with character and people's motives, with the credible surface detail of their lives, with the design of the story and the film-making skill with which it's put together.

Yes, it is violent and sometimes brutal. Plenty of people I suppose will look no further than that fact, equating the violence here with that of the most cynically commercial appeals to sadism to be found in the dingy fleapits that live on those unfortunates who will queue for hours, drooling, at the sight of an "X" and a bed scene on a poster. Nothing can be done, I'm afraid, about moviegoers who don't realize the difference, who are too insensitive or unobservant to detect, in the way the violence is presented, whether or not there is a leer behind it. Here there are savage and shocking fights, but they are dramatically justified. Many will say with a deprecating smirk that after all, *honestly*, such things don't happen in dear old England. Reminded that examples can be found in any day's newspapers, they'll say Oh, well, yes, but . . . And what they mean is that newspaper reports are only about all those bloodless Other People, that it's

absurd to suggest that such things could happen to anybody in whom one takes a sympathetic interest.

As one does in the characters here. The central figure (Richard Todd) is an ordinary, unenterprising salesman who has his new car stolen just when he had been counting on it to improve his doubtful prospects. The police are more concerned to smash the whole car-stealing organization than to recover his particular car, and gradually the idea of finding it begins to obsess him. He has never persevered with anything before, but this time he is really roused, and the increasing trouble he gets into with both crooks and police—and, at last, even his loving and understanding wife—only hardens his resolve. (Elizabeth Sellars beautifully conveys the feeling here that really, in her heart, the wife would prefer him to stay as weak and reliant on her as he always has been.)

The film has much excellent acting, not only by Peter Sellers as the villainous boss of the racket but from Mr. Todd down to some of the tiniest bit-players—real acting, such as is beginning to appear in films at last, after decades of hat-changing personalities who can be described as "miscast" if they put on the wrong hat. It is directed, photographed, edited with brilliant authority. Its strong story line, based on a simple strong idea, is skilfully developed through scenes of rising tension to the climax in an observant, imaginative, ingenious script (by Alun Falconer). I wish there were space to describe more of the merits that so many people, distracted by its violence, have refused to see.

The final effect of *Les Grandes Familles* (Director: Denys de la Patellière) is weakened a little by the intrusion of a

dubbed English voice pronouncing a solemn moral at the fadeout, but as a whole it is quite powerful and impressive. Its dominant figure is a rock-like patriarch (Jean Gabin) still determined to run the lives of all the members of his family as he runs his factory, his newspaper and various other enterprises. His flashy black sheep cousin (Pierre Brasseur) sees a possible chance to ruin him, and delightedly takes it; but the old man knew what he was doing all the time, and wins—though it is a tragically hollow victory. There are many satirically amusing scenes involving family ritual and pomposity and what a booming priest early reminds a crowded funeral is the “*terrible puissance de la richesse*”; but among the most absorbing are the admirably-handled ones in the Bourse, where the feeling of suspense and feverish anxiety and doubt comes over even to people (like me) who have no exact idea of what financial jugglery is going on. Well worth while.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Everybody else seems to have gone overboard about *Li'l Abner*, but I have to confess I left it after half an hour with the conviction that it was whimsy put over with the force of a sledgehammer and the volume of a factory siren. Disney's *Kidnapped* is very good—the most successful “live-action” Disney ever. I enjoyed most of John Ford's *Sergeant Rutledge* (strong colour-prejudice trial drama, spectacular flashbacks to Cavalry-v-Indians), but thought the dénouement forced and hysterical. *Crack in the Mirror* has good effective surface detail and acting but is

based on a gimmick (Look, each star plays two parts!) and doesn't make its point clear. Two new ones of which more next week: the Polish *A Generation*, and John Huston's *The Unforgiven*. *Black Orpheus* (8/6/60) and *Le Testament d'Orphée* (1/6/60) continue.

Nothing special among the releases, which include the competent gangster piece *The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond* (100 mins.) and *Crack in the Mirror* (see above—97 mins.), but remember that the better of the two Wilde films, *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* (8/6/60—123 mins.) is still going round.

—RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Probation Justified

I HAVEN'T seen an official announcement, but all the signs are that “Probation Officer” (ATV) is to be rested. P.O. Bert Bellman (John Scott) talked gloomily of a transfer last week, and Philip Main (John Paul) babbled of a training course. It was talk of this kind that lost us the services of those two pleasant female P.O.s, Honor Blackman and Betty Hardy—but female staff aren't apparently indispensable to the work of the probation service, whereas if Bellman and Main quit together it means that the bleak little room where they have battled for so many souls will be left empty, thus making for pretty uneventful scripts. This series—apart from annoying a few probation officers in real life—has been successful on the whole. Often the need to find a plot that will meet the needs of both drama and

realism has upset the balance somewhat, tending to give us too many irrelevant sequences of a probationer's domestic life when what we really wanted was to see the officer's work being actively prosecuted, but cumulatively the episodes have succeeded in rounding out the picture of this little-known branch of our judicial system, and has often produced quite startlingly good acting performances among the assorted probationers. On the side of the law, John Paul, with his shaggy, diffident resolution and almost excessively throwaway delivery, slowly built up a whole man. I imagine he hardly dare go into a pub by this time without some troubled fellow-drinker sidling up for a word of homely advice. As Bellman, common and proud of it, John Scott reached his characterization earlier, and sustained it with a skill that could easily have passed unnoticed. The series must have cost gallons and gallons of tea.

I can't say that I find quiz games compulsive viewing, but a comparison between Charlie Chester (“The Charlie Chester Show,” BBC) and Hughie Green (“Double Your Money,” A-R) came night recently had an interest of its own. If I award full marks to Mr. Green and rather less to Mr. Chester it is partly because in “Double Your Money” we do not have to endure the competitors' communicated embarrassments as they try to perform absurd feats while obstructed by balloons, tethered legs, and so on. It is true that Mr. Chester tries to pretend that it's all great fun, but it is only when he slips into a song or a few steps and is suddenly at ease that one realizes what is his cup of tea and what isn't. Mr. Green may not be much of a hand at singing or dancing, I don't know; his triumph is to convey an intense personal interest in each of his competitors.

“Searchlight” (Granada), is ended for the time being, and it was a pity that a rather obvious topicality provided the theme for its dying beam. “Crawling Highways” sounded uninspired, and was. In any case, did the millions who had at last crawled back to their TV sets after Whitsun want to find themselves on the road again willy-nilly? What struck me, not for the first time, was the ineffectiveness of quoted figures. When Bill Grundy stood on a bridge over M.1 and told me that a complete overhaul of Britain's road system would cost £3,500,000,000, or that if London's buses could move at one m.p.h. faster it would mean an annual saving of £1,000,000 it all ran off me like noughts off a duck's back. Furthermore, it seems to me that there is no point in documenting a known problem unless some recommendations can be made for its solution. Possibly Elaine Grand's interview with Mr. Marples was intended to take care of this part of the programme, but despite Miss Grand's stern indictments no panacea emerged. Mr. Marples' continued willingness to participate in these interrogations, knowing that he will get the same questions and give the same answers, is admirable. By this time people must be stopping him in the street and asking if they haven't seen him on television.

—J. B. BOOTHROYD



“... And what are these people protesting against?”

BOOKING OFFICE

O ROSE, THOU ART SICK

By KAY DICK

The Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and her World. John Malcolm Brinnin. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 35/-

MR. JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN, author of the controversial *Dylan Thomas in America*, has devoted much conscientious energy to a lengthy biographical exploration of Gertrude Stein and her world. Three years ago Miss Elizabeth Sprigge dedicated her talent to a biographical explanation of Gertrude Stein's Life and Work. This sort of thing is catching. During her lifetime Miss Stein obviously had a way of impressing painters and writers with her personality, and it rather looks as though her next crop of victims will all be biographers. Why? How? There's a touch of the hidden persuader in this legend.

The Stein bibliography of work, published and unpublished, consists of thirty-three items, most of them generally unread. At least four-fifths failed to sell in the commercial sense. One book, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, brought success to its author who, then in her fifty-eighth year, experienced the luxury of being a "best seller." *Wars I Have Seen*, published two years before she died in 1946, brought in almost as much money as the first best seller. One book, her first, *Three Lives*, is almost a work of art. Three others, *Everybody's Autobiography*, *Picasso* and *Paris France*, were moderately successful. That is the Gertrude Stein audit of work. The relating fame and publicity is a curious and rather sad phenomenon.

The literary audit is less picturesque. Ignoring the famous phrase—a phrase which can almost be viewed as Gertrude Stein's personal traitor—what remains? That is, apart from the amusing originality of the autobiography which was merely another way of serving up the artistic and literary gossip of an age. Admittedly Miss Stein was, and still is, the darling of American experimental writing, the bulky priestess of cubist prose, notorious for the repetitive word and the disintegration of punctuation—an innovator trapped in the limitations of her own thesis.

Mr. Brinnin's literary post-mortem is a job well done; every possible annotation is made, and the process of creative development most scrupulously described. The early scientific philosophical training, inspired and guided by William James, is properly placed as a landmark to the Stein quest for a new prose medium and linked, at a later date, to the meeting with Alfred Whitehead and Gertrude's conviction that "Nothing that can hold the attention for a certain number of years can fail to have reality."

What happened in between? Picasso, Matisse, Braque, and Gertrude's passion for communication among the elite. The gamble, brazen and courageous, did not come off: the rose never in fact became a rose. Wish fulfilment produced something that approximated to the scent and suggested the possibility of a rose. Not all the weight of the personal legend could conceal the ultimate literary failure, even though this failure is open to qualification. Over-earnestness in Mr. Brinnin's critical assessment suggests that even his enthusiastic diligence was

wearied by the odds against a final triumph. Miss Stein consorted with genius for so long that inevitably traces of genius clung to her. The desire, the obsession, were not enough. The literary experiment remained an experiment. What makes it a sad matter is a sense of the fundamental lack of creative passion which might have served to illuminate an inspiring failure.

The biography supplies clues to the debit side of the literary contribution. An intense, almost suffocating, concentration on self was mishandled in the Stein experiment. Naturally gifted with the burden and pleasure of personality, she failed as a creative artist because she was incapable of exploiting the subjective in the field she planned to widen. She sought fame and won success instead, becoming popular with the kind of writing for which she had a natural talent. She was a born best seller who wished to be in at the launching of *l'art nouveau*, and that was her mistake. Her intellect was deep but narrow; she had little if any social conscience, and no real historical perception. Her boundaries were self-made and ultimately self-destructive, and much in her biography shows her to have been basically stupid.

Confronted with the eccentricity and gossip of the personal legend one suspects that Gertrude—clinging on to every word she wrote—had her anxieties, which she sublimated with a shrewdness inherited from her American Jewish ancestry. She made the legend pay off—two full-length biographies to date are pretty good returns. Her currency to fame was the matter which sells her biography: the associative anecdote, Picasso and his beginnings, the glamorous behind-the-scenes mechanics of modern art, the "Lost Generation" with Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway and all the nostalgic tag-ends of the American writer in Paris. A second World War was not misused; in came the G.I.s and the spiritual return home to the Fatherland. Gertrude had a nose for fashions and fashion went her way. Katharine Anne Porter reports her as stating "Anyway, I was a celebrity." The Gertrude Stein story has been told and told and told again—it will not, one thinks, stand up to a fourth recount.

THE BRITISH GARDENS

Gardening in Britain. Miles Hadfield. Hutchinson, 63/-

No general history of British gardening has appeared this century, so Mr. Hadfield has a fair gap to fill, though

PRESENTING THE CRITICS



STRAUSFELD

10.—BERNARD LEVIN
Theatre, The Daily Express

his lack of predecessors has denied him the advantage of learning from their mistakes. No satisfactory garden feels, when you are in it, anything like any other garden (Capability Brown's major weakness was that his—if you can call them gardens—were all alike) but most descriptions of gardens seem the same. As Mr. Hadfield points out in a footnote, fiction often gives us a clearer picture than factual accounts. We have a better idea of the Duke of Omnium's garden than of any that Evelyn described.

Otherwise Mr. Hadfield's great difficulty has been knowing what to leave out, and perhaps he has not been ruthless enough, so that plants and places, nurserymen, patrons, botanists and gardeners crowd in on each other for page after page but few with enough space allowed for us to get to know them. On the other hand one is grateful for the prodigious richness of the information: William Kent once planted a grove of dead trees to create an effect; globe artichokes were a very important vegetable in the sixteenth century; yews were hardly ever clipped, even into hedges, before the Restoration; the advertisement for the first lawn-mower (1832) suggested that "Country gentlemen may find, in using the machine themselves, an amusing, useful and healthy exercise."

This massing of facts does not make for easy reading; but, after a shaky start with the Garden of Eden, Mr. Hadfield's style and approach are straightforward and suit his subject well, since the most elaborate and careful sentence can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a rose.

— PETER DICKINSON

NEW NOVELS

Darkness Visible. Norman Lewis.

Jonathan Cape, 15/-

Sons of God. Gwyn Griffin. *Angus and Robertson*, 16/-

Invitation to a Beheading. Vladimir Nabokov. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*, 15/-

Wake Up, Stupid. Mark Harris. André Deutsch, 15/-

Mr. Norman Lewis's novels are always about something, often about the impact of technological change on personal relationships. They are firmly built, exciting, varied and set in the world of to-day. They are extravert novels; but then Mr. Lewis has for years been gently persuading us that, whether we like it or not, we are living in a violently extravert age. *Darkness Visible* is set in an American oil concession in Algeria. The businessmen want law and order and are prepared to buy it. The French commandant believes the Arab rebellion can be dealt with by economic aid. The colons believe in force. So do most of the Arabs. The politics of the area are complicated by gangsterism, local and international. There are several mysteries, a brisk rattle of gunfire and various helpful girls. It is a very good documentary-thriller with some convincing contemporary history.

Sons of God has had such good reviews that before I begin trying to put my finger on the cause of my own reservations I

must make it quite clear that I enjoyed it all and admired a good deal of it. An ageing minor public school product, son of a shabby-genteel family, is a Superintendent in the Police of a Near Eastern colony and is avid for promotion. He unwisely marries a French girl from Alexandria and takes her and her sixteen-year-old painter brother back with him to the hot, dusty bungalow and the Club. The descriptions of the small-mindedness and third-rateness of the British abroad seemed to me repetitive, old-fashioned and weakly embittered. One had read so often before about the whisky-sodden seediness of the declining *raj*. The second half of the novel picks up energy with a thriller interest and a burst of anti-British savagery from a half-cast seaman, the young wife's lover, and the story ends in a fizz of action.

Invitation to a Beheading is a fable, a fantastic story that is redeemed from dullness because, unlike most modern fables, it is written in prose that is exciting and not merely exhibitionist. The environment of a man condemned to execution because he is opaque becomes increasingly mere scenery. His executioner poses as the prisoner next door and events become wilder and wilder until the final scene on the scaffold. However strong the author's aversion to totalitarianism and, perhaps, to capital punishment, I am pretty sure he simply let himself ramble along inventing improbabilities as one events when making up stories for children. However, there is always the pleasure of the successfully mannered style and, from time to time, the shock of an ingenuity that is genuinely rooted in dream.

Wake Up, Stupid is a freak. I am not quite sure what it is about; but I found it new and funny and, for all its air of being a casual *jeu d'esprit*, a respectable contribution to the vitality of the modern novel. It consists of letters from, and sometimes to, a Californian Professor of English who has written a play about Boswell and a television show about boxing and owns a share in a prize-fighter and has a taste for practical jokes and the company of actresses. The deaths of two characters, a teacher and a stunt pilot, provide an almost invisible tragic thread. The odd mixture makes, from apparently slapdash brush-strokes, a solid world. The book gave me one of the biggest jolts I have had from an experiment in form since *The Sound and the Fury*. Anyway, if nothing else, it is very entertaining, though you need willingness to meet it on its own terms and ability to take a pretty concentrated American flavour.

— R. G. G. PRICE

WOMAN'S WORLD

Mount Up With Wings. Mary de Bunsen.
Hutchinson, 21/-

Mary de Bunsen is a woman of the four elements. She flew: "... in 1930 before the dew was off it." She sailed: "... a Tumlar racing cruiser." The land called her: "I went down to the newly formed Haughley Research Farms." (Initiated by



"Look, dear, I finally went in and bought it."

Lady Eve Balfour, these undertook experiments in biological and ecological farming.) She accepted the challenge of fire: "... after the Munich affair I joined the London Auxiliary Fire Service as a driver." Into her dealings with the elements she put energy and courage which would have been remarkable in any woman; of her, they required tremendous courage, for at four she had polio, and from childhood a heart disease then considered fatal. In America, when she was in her early forties, Dr. Charles Bailey had done the first successful operation for mitral stenosis. She went to him. During the operation he was confronted with "a set of circumstances which he had not hitherto encountered, and did not expect." He went ahead with a brilliantly improvised experiment, because: "I had made my acceptance of risk quite clear."

The autobiography is written in the spirit Mary de Bunsen herself sums up: "To one who has lived much in a man's world, the greatest of deprivations is not physical strength but rational conversation." The reader, man or woman, who shares hers is privileged.

R. C. SCRIVEN

A Nursery in the Nineties. Eleanor Farjeon. Oxford University Press, 30/-

The four talented children of *A Nursery in the Nineties* (now republished) were in the habit of emerging from their intense make-believe world with the phrase "We're - Harry - Nellie - Joe - and - Bertie." Eleanor Farjeon herself admits that the fantasies in which her elder brother led, and she followed, were a considerable emotional handicap in her own life, but in spite of her brother's despotism the nursery was a happy one. B. L. Farjeon, their ebullient father, was a successful novelist and journalist, their mother a daughter of Joseph Jefferson, the great American actor, so literature and the theatre were part of daily life. Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were loved personal friends, besides being benevolent donors of boxes at the Lyceum. As for literature her father wrote "At the age of five or six ... Miss Farjeon began to take down her thoughts in Early Pencil Script (with the inverted N)." After that plays, poems, and novels came tumbling from her typewriter, though it was her brother Herbert who experimented with a new art form by creating a portrait of Lewis Waller, the *matinée* idol, using only the punctuation marks on the typewriter as his medium.

— VIOLET POWELL

Emma Hamilton and Sir William. Oliver Warner. Chatto and Windus, 25/-

Emma Hamilton hardly needs identification: Romney painted her in canvas after sentimental canvas; Goethe and Horace Walpole were in touch with her; Nelson made her his *petite amie*. But Emma (and one is apt to forget it) was also the wife of an engaging husband: she was the "piece of modernity" of an antiquarian, a soldier, landowner, Member of Parliament, geologist, connoisseur and sportsman: of a diplomat who, for two long decades, was the British Minister in Naples. Sir William

Hamilton more than deserves his own portrait; and now, with the help of original and often unpublished material, Mr. Warner presents Lady Hamilton and her husband: the brilliant and the over-shadowed corners of the immortal triangle. It is no mere elderly cuckold who makes his entrance with Emma: it is a wise and enlightened man, a man with acumen, a man with decided assurance and charm. This is an elegant study, written in sober good taste; and it would have gratified the man who was painted by Reynolds for twelve guineas. — JOANNA RICHARDSON

HOME AND ANTI-COLONIAL

Apologies to the Iroquois. Edmund Wilson. W. H. Allen, 36/-

A visiting English writer, who has since revealed himself to be Mr. John Wain, asked Mr. Wilson some questions about the Indians of his home area. He answered them scrappily and inaccurately and then came to realize how little he knew of the aboriginal inhabitants of his own country. These *New Yorker* pieces are the result of his awakened interest. They are prefaced by Mr. Joseph Mitchell's study of the Mohawks in steel construction work, where their head for heights makes them invaluable.

Mr. Wilson mingles visits to Indian ceremonies, bits of history, bits of anthropology and an account of the rapidly growing nationalist movement and its opposition to power schemes that threaten tribal land. National guilt and distaste for big business make him overpraise the Indian way of life. In their arts, religion, folk lore and social organizations Red Indians compare poorly with many races and preserving their individuality may not be much of a service to them. Mr. Wilson's hot advocacy of Indian rights ignores the advantages that might accrue to individuals if, like other ethnic groups, they were absorbed into "Western" culture. This is not one of Mr. Wilson's more exciting works, though it shows his wonderful intellectual appetite. How pallid he makes the average literary critic look.

— R. G. G. PRICE



CREDIT BALANCE

Frogman Extraordinary. J. Bernard Hutton. *Neville Spearman*, 15/- . Kitchener was kept alive years after his death, and Lawrence of Arabia, and now it's the turn of Commander Crabb, who disappeared in Stokes Bay presumably while looking at the hull of the Soviet cruiser *Ordzhonikidze*. This account of his capture by the Russians, his imprisonment and interrogation, and his subsequent service in the Red Navy, has a highly speculative feel about it; but it's interesting.

Life in the Twenty-first Century. Ed. M. Vassiliev and S. Goushev. *Souvenir Press*, 21/- . Convincing but rather creepy forecasts by leading Russian scientists on life in the foreseeable future. The "popular" style is almost insuperable, but the information is, as far as it goes, fascinating; though for anyone with even a smattering of science it doesn't go far.

Brothers to the Wind. Vii Putnam. *Methuen*, 16/- . An originally, lively first novel, bright as caravan paint, about gypsies in California: an authoritative novel, too, since it is written by the grand-daughter of a great gypsy, King Mitchell I.



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

FOR WOMEN

*Attar of Roses*

FOR years we had a stock order for our garden. Nothing elaborate, you understand, just half a gross of antirrhinums, two dozen striped petunias, a packet of mixed sweet peas, and we were off. Now I grant that spread over the average garden our modest order would barely raise a flutter, but such is the size of ours that even the hedgehog takes a turn or two up and down the stairs for exercise. So from June till September the effect was in the nature of a short sharp punch between the eyes.

Then this new man took over the seed shop. It was his first venture into business but he had the right idea and showed every prospect of creeping up on Fisons in a year or two. He kept giving me free illustrations of how to lay out a landscape garden until I was obliged to reveal our humble position, when he switched to window boxes and introduced me to his Annual Adventure in Pot Plants counter. All through the summer he kept at it—plying me with begonia tubers and mulch manure until my head was fairly throbbing, but I stuck with the antirrhinums. Mind, what with a rash of split-level gardens, and three new vineries going in up our street alone you could see he'd made his mark on the district. We stood out like a challenge; then suddenly he caved in and gave me a small withered rose bush. He never gave things away, not unless you count a small bag of slug-killer with every four dozen asters, so I returned the civility and bought a trial size bone-meal and a bottle of liquid blood to help it along.

This expensive living paid off; by the second year the bush was so far above everything else in the garden that I

bought another to balance it up. By the fourth year I was spraying, hoeing and pruning my life away and it was apparent that with the best will in the world the milkman's horse could no longer meet the demands of fourteen bushes, three climbers, ten dwarfs and a weeping standard. Moreover trips into the country could no longer be relied on as a source of supply. There were those who objected to coasting along constantly on the alert, then

climbing over a five-barred gate with shovel and bucket to find nothing but a cluster of molehills for their trouble. Black care descended, I felt like an undersized sparrow clobbered with a regiment of cuckoos. I hated the seed man so much I could barely pass his shops—by then he'd bought up the one either side—let alone buy his Handisac Mulch Manure. So when I saw the advertisement I fell. Yes, they did minimum loads, it certainly was well rotted, and would I mind taking delivery early.

It must have been just after six I seemed to hear the steady tramp of feet, and just after seven when the hedgehog climbed wearily through the bedroom window. He was never a stickler for routine and climbing a fifteen foot dung-hill probably seemed as good a way to exercise as any. Still, it sold quite well at threepence a bucket and I'd got down to the height of the living room window when the seed man made his offer. With the weather getting hotter we could hardly refuse him, but I could have wished for a more tactful payment than a selection of his Famous Fragrant Floribundas.

— CATHERINE DRINKWATER

Sugar and Spice

MY family do not treat me very well. Just because I am partial to aniseed balls, lollipops, and bubble-gum they seem to think I am thoroughly depraved.

"Caught her at it again to-day," says my son to his father. "Sherbet this time. She's got a secret hoard in the pantry."

"I wish you wouldn't," says my husband, removing a lollipop from my hand, "it would create such a bad impression if anyone were to catch you at it."

I am made to feel guilty and I become very crafty. Secretly I buy a supply of bull's-eyes and dolly mixtures from a shop where I am not known. I slip upstairs a dozen times a day, pull a suitcase from under the bed, take out a box, unlock it, and break me off a piece of rock.

They think I am reformed. I catch them giving each other surreptitious nods and winks. They congratulate

themselves. Then Granny comes to stay, and over the tea-table she fixes my son with an eagle eye and asks "Who is it who parks chewing-gum on the bathroom window-sill?" My son takes the blame in order to shield his mother, but afterwards he corners me in the kitchen and gives me a good talking to.

Somehow Granny catches on that I am the victim of a secret vice, and watches me like a hawk. I go to the cupboard where the gin is kept and find it locked. The suspense is terrible.

One morning while hanging curtains I happen to slip off the kitchen stool and Granny, thinking I am under the influence of some sinister drug, begs me to confide in her. I take her upstairs and show her my hoard, and for the first time in three weeks I openly suck a stick of spanish. She watches me thoughtfully and pats my hand. She thinks I am pregnant. She goes into town and comes back with knitting

needles and white wool. I have to disillusion her.

When Granny goes home my husband and son have a private talk in the toolshed. They decide to brainwash me. I am persuaded to lie down on the sofa. My husband barks a word at me and I am supposed to say what it reminds me of. Meanwhile my son manipulates a stop-watch. The first word is "Spearmint." I reply "Chewing-gum" and this annoys my husband because "chewing-gum" is the next word he has down on his list and I have spoilt his system. He controls himself and barks "Sherbet." I refuse to cooperate and go to sleep.

They change their tactics and start buying me boxes of chocolates and Turkish delight. I am grateful, but point out that gob-stoppers are cheaper. The battle rages furiously and many subtle and underhand means are employed. Gradually I am being ground down.

Then one day on television an aged author, renowned for his intellect and wit, remarks that when he is writing his most profound works he sucks coltsfoot rock and liquorice braid.

My family is impressed. They start being kind to me. They bring home a selection of sweets chosen from the children's counter. The only condition imposed is that when sucking bull's-eyes I must stop taking them out of my mouth to see if they have changed colour.

They also buy me a notebook and pencil and expect me to write.

— DOROTHY DRAKE

Prodigal Sons

DARKLING, they enter, stub their toes

As we did, curse (not loud but deep)
In monosyllables we chose

When rolling home to *them* asleep.
They mix

Their night-caps, whispering; even go
To listen at the stairs as well.

The wheel has come full circle? No.
For we shan't give *them* merry hell
At six.

— T. R. JOHNSON

Earwiggers

I AM reminded that last year was a vintage year for earwigs by finding a stray caramel-coloured beast in bed with me this fine morning. Impossible not to admire these individualists who come in search of human company as the year draws to an end. This flighted insect that seldom flies, this admirable brooder of eggs feels an imperative need to spend the dark months with us. Not nuisances like ants, not pestiferous like flies, not infuriating like mosquitoes—all they require is shelter and solitude dark and cosy. So we found them curled up in cruets, napping in cups, plipping from lintels, lying tranced in pleated lampshades, enfilading closet doors, squashed in hinges, fleeing from locks as the key was inserted.

We could not but marvel at the originality of their retreats while we deprecated their love of our brushed nylon. Unlike the lower orders they neither nibbled nor wolfed—except for one late reveller I once caught sucking the last drop of Barsac from the bottle-rim. Mostly they desired nothing more than to curl up in a good book. Very infrequently two would be found

exchanging news of the weather on the ironing board. Thus disturbed they lifted in turn their lobster feelers in mimed apology before making off purposefully in opposite directions.

They neither spotted nor stained and were never the embarrassment of migrating woodlice which entered by the south door, tramped across my pillow and out by the north door. Nor were they a horror like the invading caterpillars of a certain year commemorated by the song "Shut the Door, They're Coming Through the Window." These stippled our white stucco to the eaves while we danced with frustration. When the ichneumon fly had done her deadly work, the calcined cases hung for a whole year. No, the earwig leaves as inoffensively as she came, when the egg-laying urge calls to her. I put out my procrastinating swami reflecting that if I wore a wig I should certainly shake it before donning. The earhole, too, must make a tempting hermit cell. Too many languages bear witness to the accuracy of their folk-name. The privilege of the couched, I fear, must be withheld from this creature, likeable as it is.

— STELLA CORSO



Toby Competitions

No. 118—Testamentary

PROVIDE the codicil of a will, the conditions of which are such as to disappoint or dismay the legatees of the will itself. Limit: 120 words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. Entries by first post on Wednesday, June 22. Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 118, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 115

(Coming Shortly)

Competitors were asked to provide the script of an unattractive trailer for a film. Practically every aspect of the modern cinema came in for a brief, disgusted analysis; 120 words proved rather cramping, so descriptions of trailers have been admitted among the runners-up. The winner is

PETER VEALE

3 SHEPHERDS HILL
LONDON, N.6

Fade-in on "Charge of Light Brigade."
Cut to close-up of bearded Tony Curtis, quill in hand, who intones:

Into the Valley of Death . . . (continues writing)

VOICE: Words that burned into a nation's conscience! The words of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, movingly portrayed by Tony Curtis in Sledgehammer International's "The Muse's Man" . . . Here is the Victorian scene in its grandeur—and squalor.

Cut to London street.

CROSSING SWEEPER (Alfie Bass): Tennyson is our noo Poet Lorecet, lads. (*Street arabs cheer.*)

VOICE: See Sophia Loren as tempestuous Christina Rossetti (*Loren appears, bares teeth*) . . . Margot Fonteyn as the mysterious Maud (*Fonteyn seen dancing among flowers*) . . . You'll thrill to "THE MUSE'S MAN."

And the following are the runners-up and earn book-tokens:

Roll-up in golden letters: HERE, WITHOUT DOUBT, IS THE MOST HEART-WARMING STORY EVER PRESENTED ON THE SCREEN. STARRING THE ENCHANTING NEW CHILD DISCOVERY—CATHY CANDY.

Close-up of little blonde CATHY running along path into MOTHER'S arms.

CATHY: Oh, mummy, mummy! Come quickly—daddy's angry again!

Cut to drunken FATHER throwing a bottle at wall above CATHY'S head.

FATHER: There, little goody-goody! Try to tell me what I should do, eh?

Close-up of CATHY weeping. Superimpose title:

THE LOVE OF A CHILD.

Cut to FATHER kneeling beside CATHY, in bed with bandaged head:

FATHER: I didn't mean it, darling.

CATHY: I know, daddy.

FATHER: Oh God—what have I done?

CATHY: Don't b'ame yourself, daddy.

Superimpose: THE LOVE OF A CHILD.

A. E. Yearling, 36 Elliott Road, Prince Rock, Plymouth.

NOT WORTH FIGHTING FOR

Filthy back alley in Harlem. Two starved mongrels fighting for a tired-looking bone. Camera switches to sordid interior where

slatternly Negro girl struggles half-heartedly for her already lost virtue with vicious sample of white trash. Flash back to alley, dogs and bone. Blood-curdling scream ending in dying wail heard from inside. Man emerges and slinks off furtive'y. Camera pans New York, pausing outside Fifth Avenue mansion. Interior shot of luxurious room, showing dark, handsome Spaniard wrestling with half-drunk American girl (free, white, but not yet 21). He is trying to put ring on her finger. She falls, breaking neck on fender. Spaniard makes hurried get-away . . . Simultaneous choruses of police sirens in Fifth Avenue and Harlem.

W. Stewart, 58 Meadway, Liverpool, 15
(Picture of Streatham High Street in Spring)

VOICE: The Smiths of Streatham. The tender, moving, human story of an ordinary English family over FIFTEEN generations.

(Shot of Anna Neagle and Gladys Young in farthingales)

ANNA: Ecod, mother, wast that not Master Will Shakespeare?

VOICE: The English family in peace and war making a moving background to the Pageant of English History.

(Shots of Nell Gwynn, Queen Elizabeth I, Queen Victoria and Florence Nightingale, all played by Alec Guinness)

VOICE: Revolution.

(Shot of Cromwell, soldiers, Anna Neagle disguised as Drummer outside Parliament)

CROMWELL (Marlon Brando): Stick around, fellers. I'm goin' to bust this place wide open.

VOICE: War.

(Stanley Holloway drilling Home Guards on Streatham Common)

And the womenfolk are in it too.

(Celia Johnson, looking bravely wan in fish queue)

(*Fade out to "Land of Hope and Glory"*)
The Smiths of Streatham.

E. O. Parrott, Esq., 47 Daver Court, Chelsea Manor Street, S.W.3

LIFE IS A RHAPSODY

Russian officer, about to burn house of Polish rebels, stands spellbound by "Revolutionary Study," improvised by loyal three-year-old, supported at keyboard by dying mother/Twenty years later, Russian officer (who is, of course, Rimsky-Korsakov) teaches Chopin, typically insouciant Bohemian student, in tiny Parisian garret. One hundred typically insouciant Bohemian friends burst in and extemporize elaborate song and dance routine/Chopin, penniless waiter at opulent soirée, deputises for stricken pianist. Music critics swoon. Fabulous hostesses scream "C'est magnifique!" Finally, as composer staggers, coughing, from embraces of besotted courtesans to pen last deathless works, voice booms, "Thus died Frederick Chopin—fanatical patriot, voluptuous lover, master musician—whose melodies throb on through time to prove that LIFE IS A RHAPSODY!"

Martin Fagg, 22 Pinewood Road, Bromley, Kent



"Please, darling! Mummy has a headache!"

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